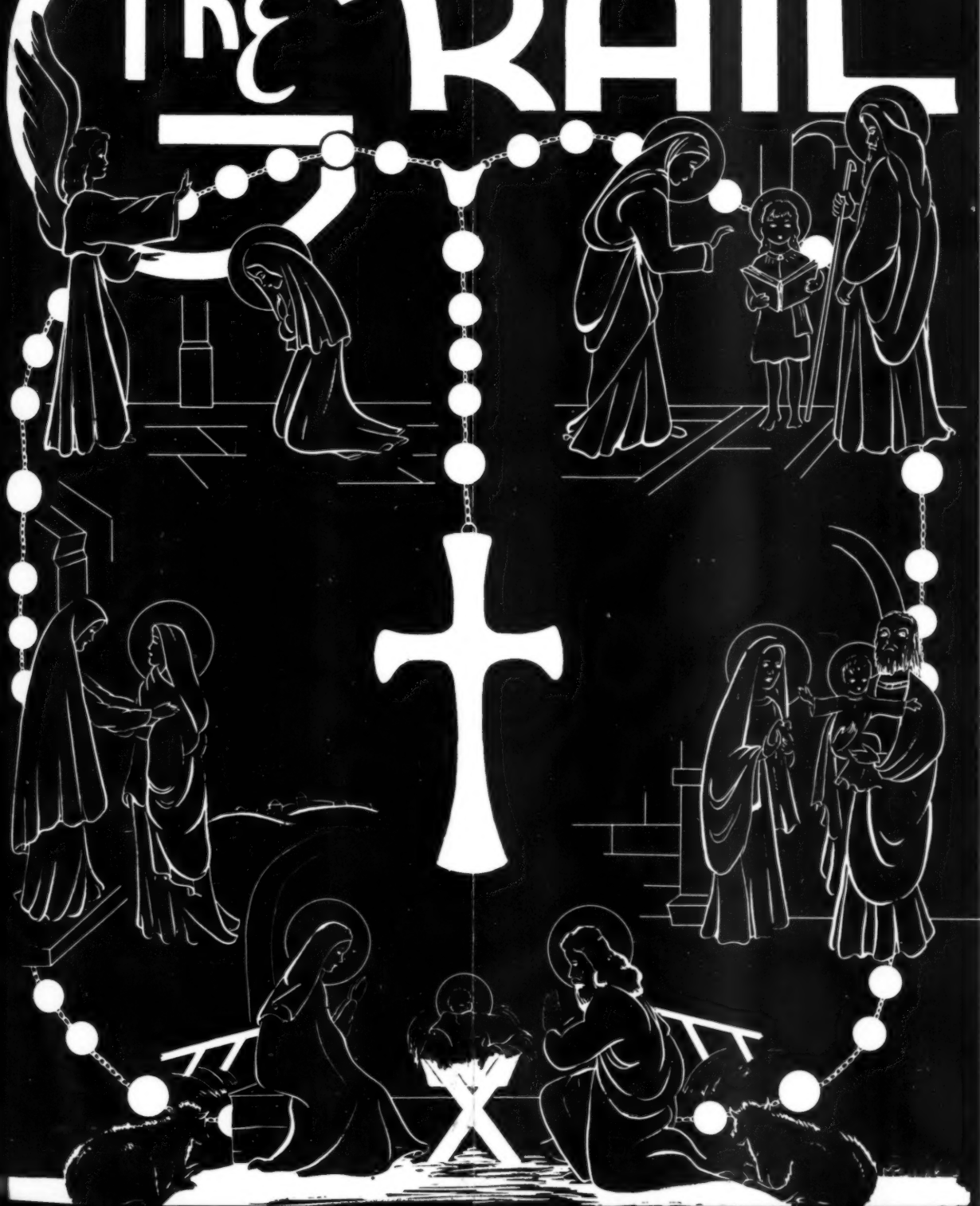


THE

RAIL



The Grail

Volume 25, No. 10

OCTOBER, 1943

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THE GRAIL

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Paging the Legion of Decency

By William W. Buechel

A FEW short years ago the motion picture industry took upon itself the satanic task to lower still further the already gutter morals of a God-forsaking American public. As a result, the "movies" which were from that time on flashed on the silver screen, were fit only for garbage incinerator plants as part and parcel of their daily slimy collections.

The upright American public was appalled and shocked, but could see no way individually of cleaning these up. A leader was needed, and a leader arose with clamor and shouting. The Legion of Decency was born, sponsored by the Catholic Church, and was able to command strength in large numbers.

It took a little time, true, to clean up the motion picture sewers, but clean them up it did. Beautiful love stories of classic literature, adventurous tales of great historical moments, superb accounts of inspiring musical themes and great musicians were the result. And the best part of it all—these actually paid! Box office receipts jumped by leaps and bounds. Incredible, the movie moguls said. But nevertheless true. Proving again the time-honored axiom that virtue brings back more and better returns than does vice.

But we are not interested in the monetary profits of the picture industry. Think of the beautiful thoughts, the thrilling pulsations, the pure emotions which these better films inspired in the public. Like ripples caused by a falling pebble in a placid lake, these lofty emotions were and are ever-widening until they reach God only knows where. Many of them will reach even to the heavenly shores—for which we are thankful, O Lord.

But let me now propose another task for the estimable Legion of Decency, one which is also a crying need of the times, and the second part of which is perhaps too little known to the public in general.

War, sad to say, always brings about a let-down in morals. And this war is no exemption. Radio programs, the so-called comedian type, did an almost about-face as soon as service camps were being filled by recruits; they began broadcasting salacious and double-meaning stuff which on most radios practically ruined reception. The thought behind it (if you desire to credit these people with the great power of thinking) was that soldiers, no matter how pure and moral they were in civilian life, immediately they donned a uniform, became instead impure, ravenous wolves.

The idea is absolutely false, thank God. Witness what Catholic, Protestant and Jewish chaplains have to recount of their boys, both here at home and in foreign theaters of war. They write and speak of a return to religion practically unprecedented in modern times. And that is as it should be. Should our soldiers and sailors emasculate themselves by indulging in wantonness, then we are doomed, just as the Romans were doomed when their glorious empire crumbled in the fifth century, and lately, as the French were doomed when they surrendered to the Nazi hordes, and, mind you, for exactly the same reasons in both cases.

THAT then is part of the task I place on the Legion of Decency's broad and strong shoulders—cleaning up the radio programs, especially those being relayed directly to camps both at home and on foreign soils.

The writer is a postal clerk in a large first-class postoffice. Every day while I work the mail I get an added incentive to write this last part of my article.

Daily I see thousands of postcards being sent broadcast all over the world. Some hundreds of these have absolutely no right to a place in the United States mails. And of these hundreds, the greater portion of them are addressed to our armed forces. These picture postcards portray nude or practically nude bodies to the gaze of our boys. Each has a double-meaning inscription that just cannot be missed. Human nature being what it is, these cards with their inscription can be very harmful to boys who are lonesome and homesick for their loved ones at home.

Stirring up these latent emotions is, I believe, a devilish form of sabotage, for the boys may give in to their aroused emotions, and, as a result, and as too often happens, may come back to camp with diseased bodies. If this isn't sabotage, will somebody please step forward and tell me what it is?

The Legion of Decency must not allow this to go on. The mails must be cleaned up so far as postcards as well as magazines go. The Legion of Decency should persuade the Postmaster-General to go a little further in his American and Christian drive against immoral magazines using the mails, and "nail" those hundreds and thousands of picture postcards to the gibbet of a satanic saboteur.

It is one of the highest forms of patriotism to keep or help to keep our armed forces and civilians as pure and, as a consequence, as strong as is humanly possible.



Marie Rose Ferron, showing the crown of thorns as it appeared on her forehead in 1929.

Marie Rose Ferron

Stigmatized Ecstatic of the United States

Onesime A. Boyer, S.T.L.

In reprinting in condensed form the life of Marie Rose Ferron, from the book *She Wears a Crown of Thorns*, THE GRAIL wishes to observe the decree of Pope Urban VIII and the other sovereign Pontiffs and to declare that the graces and other supernatural facts related in this article rest on human authority alone. It is not the intention of the writer or of the magazine to anticipate the pronouncements of the Holy See in regard to the virtues or merits of Marie Rose Ferron.

MARY ROSE FERRON was born May 24, 1902, at St. Germain de Grantham, Quebec. Her father, Jean-Baptiste Ferron, a blacksmith by trade, was a very religious man. He attended Mass every morning and never left the church without making the Stations of the Cross. He was a man of clean morals, a man of prayer, a man of deep faith. Her mother was Delima Mathieu, a non-assuming lady, timid by nature, humble by virtue, and yet fearless of the sacrifices of motherhood.

She had gone down into the valley of death fifteen times to fetch back fifteen little lives; and a woman of that generosity is surely very close to God. No wonder, then, that she took such good care of Rose all through those long bed-ridden years. She served Rose as though she were serving an angel. She could not understand why some pitied her over the long illness of Rose. For her, to attend her daughter was heaven; the years were never too long and the worries never too great. She not only suffered with Rose, but she even

sought to discover her daughter's worries, that she might share them.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Ferron were born in the Province of Quebec, of sturdy French Canadian ancestors. When they came to this country they brought their Faith along with them and it remained the very foundation of their family life. They struggled hard and always managed to clothe and feed their numerous progeny; but most of all, they were intent on making Christians of them.

ROSE—A MARKED CHILD

Rose, better known by the name of "Little Rose," was the tenth child of the family. Bright and alert, she was always ready to skip and sing and no less inclined to pray. At the age of three she had taken a particular liking to St. Anthony of Padua. It was about that time that she had a vision in which she saw the Child Jesus. "I saw Him," she said, "with a cross; He was looking at me with grief in His eyes."

When Rose was twelve, on her own initiative, she hired out for work. Realizing that her parents were poor and that she was indebted to them; yet feeling called to the religious life, she wanted to assist them financially before leaving home. "I will work," she once said to her mother, "and pay back what you have spent for me. Then I will become a nun." Rose worked for about twelve months, caring for a doctor's children. On one of her free days, in the absence of her younger brothers and

* The extraordinary life and heroic sufferings of this American mystic cannot be told in all its beauty within a few pages. Those who are interested in a more detailed account of the subject will find it in the book from which the account is condensed—"She Wears a Crown of Thorns." (Privately published by the author, The Reverend O. A. Boyer, Pastor of St. Edmund's Church, Ellenburg, New York.)

sisters, she offered to carry her father's dinner to him. She started at once, but having missed the trolley, she walked both ways in the early spring slush. That evening she was feverish and ill; the next morning she was confined to her bed. When she recovered from that sickness, her right hand was affected as was also her left foot; they seemed to be paralyzed. She had to make use of crutches in order to walk.

At that time Rose lived at Fall River in St. Roch's parish. Rose had repeatedly made novenas to St. Gerald; she wanted to recover the use of her hand, which remained clenched and painful. One day while she was hearing Mass, the pain became worse than ever, and she could hardly wait for the end of the service. As she walked out, she extended her hand as usual and dipped it into the holy water font. As it touched the holy water, she felt her hand open. The pain had disappeared and her fingers moved freely. Rose was then fifteen years old.

When Rose came to Woonsocket, Rhode Island, in 1925, she was unable to walk and had been in that condition for three years. During that time she was almost always confined to her bed, and when she moved about, it was with the help of crutches. It was a sad life, one full of suffering and loneliness. Being reconciled to do the will of God, she accepted her sickness as a state of life and finally rejoiced that she was found worthy to suffer with Christ.

In her suffering she worked out the following recipe. "Grind up all your sufferings in the mill of patience and silence; mix them with the balsam of the Passion of the Saviour; make them into a small pill and swallow it with faith and love, and the fire of charity will digest it."

ROSE'S VOCATION

In June, 1922, the Most Reverend Bishop of the Diocese of Providence inaugurated a drive for one million dollars for Catholic high schools. This necessary move was misunderstood by some otherwise loyal Catholic people, especially of French extraction, who felt that they were already burdened beyond their ability in being taxed for the public schools while trying to support their own French parochial schools. They did not object to voluntary contributions to the cause of Catholic high schools, but they questioned the right of the Bishop to tax the various parishes for such a purpose.

In the spring of 1924 the opposition published a weekly paper known as *La Sentinelle*, which stirred up much ill feeling among its supporters. The feeling became so acute that the Bishop found it necessary to refuse the sacraments to those who persisted in their opposition.

Rose's vocation grew out of this unpleasant situation. When the Sentinellists had their movement well under way in 1925, it was providential that Rose left Fall River for the diocese of Providence and settled in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, in the very heart of the movement.

Whenever the Church is in need or in peril, God in His mercy sends His messengers in the person of a mystic; they are the victims, willing to satisfy the justice of God; they are the lightning rods that ward off the thunderbolts of heaven.

When public meetings denounced the Bishop; when the press howled his condemnation, he turned to Rose for sympathy and help. The Bishop was perfectly at home with her; he unburdened himself, and there, alone with Rose, he broke down and wept. The Bishop knew she was a victim and he did not hesitate to ask her to suffer for his diocese. "My child," he said with a broken heart, "will you suffer for the diocese of Providence, for its priests, and for those I was obliged to punish?"

Rose was no sooner asked than she replied: "Your Excellency, I will do what you want; I am willing to suffer as you wish and for the return of those you have excommunicated. I accept at once; it will be my mission to pray for their return."

While the lone Victim of Jesus was suffering silently to satisfy the Justice of God, her merits were slowly spreading over the diocese of Providence and penetrating into its troubled waters. God does not advertise His graces with cymbals, but works gently through the humble, as He does through nature. Hence no one thought of "Little Rose" nor of her sacrifice; that is why everybody was looking in the direction of the Sentinellists and wondering what the outcome would be. Over the Sentinellists' camp there came a calm; but everybody felt it was one of those ominous calms which precede a storm. No doubt, there was some uneasiness amongst the victims. There must also have been some hesitation, for after a stubborn resistance, nothing else could be expected; but when the grace of God quickened their souls, faith prevailed over their emotions and from the first to the last, they renounced themselves, bowed down their heads, and by their submission magnified the authority of God's Church as they had never done before. "Little Rose," the accredited victim of the diocese of Providence, had been heard.

On December 8, 1928, Rose took her vows as Foundress of the "Sisters of Reparation of the Sacred Wounds of Jesus." "Bishop Hickey approved my community," said Rose. "And Jesus will need this community before long."



Rose at the time of her Stigmatization, 1929

SPIRITUAL GIFTS OF ROSE

One of the ordinary effects of the mystical life is to suppress more or less the double servitude of the animal life, namely, hunger and sleep. This is especially true of ecstatic persons; some will spend days, weeks, months, and even years, practising complete abstinence and going without sleep. The mystics who have reached the state of complete abstinence feel no hunger or thirst and yet preserve their physical strength and their moral fortitude. They hunger for the Eucharist, but feel no pain; if they take any other food, they are oppressed; when deprived of the Eucharist, they suffer; but they do not miss natural food.

There have been many such cases in the lives of the saints. The Belgian mystic, Louise Lateau, ate nothing and drank nothing for fourteen years. Blessed Columba of Rieti during the last six years of her life, lived on a little water and sucked a few cherries during her illness. Blessed Nicholas of Flue ate nothing for twenty years, and in our day it is well known and attested that Theresa Neuman of Konnersreuth has taken no food for ten or twelve years.

Rose never practised complete abstinence, but her partial abstinence is worthy of consideration. Rose never lost the feeling of hunger and thirst. When she was unable to take either food or drink, she suffered immensely, especially from thirst. From 1927 until the end of her life in 1936 Rose was unable to take anything but liquid food, and

even this she was rarely able to keep in her stomach. The consecrated Host she could receive under extraordinary circumstances that shall be explained later, but an unconsecrated wafer of the same size would not stay down. The doctors tried various concoctions, but Rose was made sick by almost everything that passed into her stomach.

Rose enjoyed another rare gift among the mystics, viz., that of recognizing blessed

articles and the ability to distinguish them from those that are not blessed. The sign of the cross revived her from spells of weakness during her ecstasies, and delivered her from spells of nervousness. She was able to tell when she was being blessed by a priest at all times, whether she was in ecstasy or not.

One of the most remarkable gifts bestowed on Rose was the ability to receive Holy Communion without deglutition. When she received Holy Communion she generally fell into an ecstasy. The moment the Host was placed on her tongue, there was a slight jerk, her chin would rise, and her head dropped on the pillow. Rose was gone and the Host instantly disappeared from her mouth; and this, without the least movement either of her mouth or of her throat muscles. If water was given to her with the Sacred Host, she was sometimes unable to swallow the water, but the Host went down. If she succeeded in swallowing the water, it came up, but never the Host. As Rose suffered long from lockjaw, it was necessary to pry open her mouth or teeth with a little cross. Even though she kept the cross between her teeth and thus forced her mouth to remain open, the Sacred Host always went down her throat immediately. No other food could be taken in this way. What Rose suffered when her confessor or chaplain denied her the opportunity to receive oftener than once a week rivals the sufferings of St. Lidwina and Catherine Emmerich.

On December 10, 1935, the writer spent the afternoon with Rose; she swooned into ecstasy, remained so for a few minutes, received and swooned

back again. Whenever she fell into ecstasy, the phenomenon of weight immediately manifested itself and increased in proportion with the depth of the state. When she entered into one of these I would place my left hand on her upper right arm, the only one she could use. Then I could feel the rigidity coming down her arm like a wave. As it came down, the sensation of coldness followed. The wave movement reached in succession the hand, the fingers, and last of all the thumb. Then, one could no longer lift her, and the deeper she went into that state, the tighter she was fixed to her bed. Rigidity and weight seemed to come and go simultaneously.

After experimenting for a while, I placed myself at the foot of the bed, and without looking at her, I moved it very slowly to the right and left. It was harder to move when she entered into ecstasy and moved more freely as she came out of it. As I repeated the experiment over and over again, I soon noticed that not only was the bed hard to move, but that it reacted in the opposite direction. If I moved it eight or ten inches and released it, the bed rolled back into place, of its own accord.

When these experiments were made the phenomenon of weight was nothing new. All those familiar with the life of Rose knew about it. Three years earlier I had written to the Bishop and called his attention to it in the following words: "Friday, November 25, 1932, I spent the afternoon with Rose Ferron. At 3:30 P.M. I asked the lady who was there if Rose was still heavy while in ecstasy. As she answered in the affirmative, I tried to lift her. First I placed my hands under her neck, so both hands would overlap. When I tried to lift her, she stiffened and I felt that if I pulled too hard, her neck would break rather than yield. Then I placed my hands on each side of her shoulder and tried to lift her, using enough strength to realize that she could not be moved.

"I pushed my hands under her shoulder blades with great difficulty (my hands could not get further than the wrist) and after bracing myself against the bed, I pulled with all my strength. Had I tried to

lift a five ton truck I would have been more successful. Not a move was experienced by Rose. She simply couldn't be lifted when in ecstasy. And yet the girl surely does not weigh more than seventy-five pounds. This beautiful mystical phenomenon of weight is not something exceptional produced for my benefit. It takes place every Friday afternoon and therefore can be verified by anybody."

Certain instances would seem to indicate that Rose at times was granted the gift of being in more than one place at the same time, a gift which is called bilocation. I myself heard Rose in ecstasy speaking to Our Lord of people who lived far away. He asked her if she wanted to go. When she accepted, I could hear her describing what was going on in that distant place. Those conversations were sometimes checked by telephone and they proved to be true.

These graces were not granted for curiosity sake. But as is attested she was able to obtain for a Mr. Bérard of Montreal, who was dying with cancer of the throat, the inestimable chance to receive the Last Sacraments. While her mother heard her exclaiming in her room that she was being carried through space, Mr. Bérard saw a white figure at his bedside in the garb of a nun. She had sent word to him that he would receive before dying, and this appearance was the signal to send for the priest.

COMPLETELY STIGMATIZED

No stigmatic has borne in his body all the wounds of the Crucified Savior; one is given the share he



Rose's Distorted Feet



Courtesy of "Woonsocket Evening Call"

Body of Rose Being Taken into Church

is known by the Master to be able to bear, while most were found with but a few of them. There have been only thirty known stigmatics who have had all the five wounds and the crown of thorns. Rose had all these and besides she had the stigmata of the flagellation, she bore the wound of the shoulder, and last but not least the resemblance of the *Ecce Homo*. Little Rose, then, can rank among the most completely stigmatized mystics.

In 1927 during Lent Rose received the stigmata of the scourging; they were the first ones to appear and the first ones to attract attention. On being asked by a certain priest Rose showed him her arm. The outer arm was lacerated with red and purple stripes, about one half inch in width. These stripes were swollen and quite close to each other. The arm looked as though it had been lashed with whips. These wounds bled and smarted and were very painful. The wounds on the hands appeared two days later. They were well outlined scars, one-half inch in length and oval in form. The color was at first pink rather than red. They as well as the wounds on her feet that appeared at

the same time were kept wrapped in bandages. Rose's feet were exceedingly sensitive; they were the cause of some of her greatest sufferings; her mother had them wrapped in absorbent cotton, and in spite of that care, some bones pierced the skin. Towards the end of 1927 her right foot began to be distorted, but never reached the condition of the left one. This was followed by the uprooting of her toenails. The serum and blood that gathered under them never formed puss nor gave disagreeable odors. From the time her feet were pierced, her toes were always cold and she had the sensation that the blood did not circulate beyond the stigmata. The tendons in the hands, too, seem to have been affected by the stigmatization, curling up the hand as if it were being pierced by a nail. Rose confided to me that her feet had a tendency to draw near to each other and that they would then overlap, as Our Lord's on the cross. When that took place, she felt but one wound and one pain, although the wounds rubbed one against the other. If her feet were separated, she felt a pain in each foot.

The stigmata which Rose had in the back of her head prevented it from resting on the pillow; so she was often seen with her arm under her neck; sometimes it was replaced by small cushions. Frequently she would use neither; her head then was bent

forward, as though she had a kink in her neck. She was seen to remain for hours in that position. When the exterior signs of the other stigmata had disappeared, if she rested on her pillow, she felt the invisible thorns penetrating deeper.

Towards the end of November, 1929, I was in Rose's room, waiting till she came out of ecstasy. There was a lady with us who had been helping Mrs. Ferron to dress her. I was then told by the mother that Rose had a crown. "It is like two heavy cords," she said, "that encircle her head." The outlines of the crown were quite visible on Rose's bandage which she always wore tightly fitted to her forehead.

I shall pass over the other wounds and stigmata here to give a description of Rose during the intense suffering which marked her Fridays. I am not giving here all the testimonials of doctors and other witnesses, Catholic and non-Catholic, for they are not necessary in this article. Suffice it to say that all were overwhelmed at what they saw and at a loss to explain by any natural means the extremes of suffering they witnessed.

Let me take Friday, November 15, 1929. It was before the *Ecce Homo* phenomenon, and in preparation for it. I reached Rose at nine in the morning. The door was locked; the mother opened it to let me in and turned the key again, to make sure everybody would stay out. Rose was in ecstasy. You could see her large forehead, covered with bleeding wounds. The upper part of her cheeks were lightly spotted. New wounds were beginning to show. I watched them as they slowly developed. The upper lip was slightly swollen and the bruises were appearing. It seemed as if the development of the wounds was working downward, for those of the forehead were well advanced; while the chin and the lower lip were still intact. At 11 A.M. the cavities of her eyes were filled to the brim and the blood was in such quantity that a spoon would have been required to clean them out. As one examined the eyes carefully, he could see little bubbles rushing from the corner of the eyes, indicating the flow of fresh blood. The night before I had asked her why she did not wipe it away. She answered, "By wiping it off, the skin is taken off along with it; but if I leave it, the blood dries and scales off the following day." And still by leaving it, she felt the blood burning, as though it were acid.

The right eyebrow was split open while I was there, and as the wounds enlarged, the surroundings of the eye became blue, yellow and black. A black eye, the result of a blow, would not have been any worse. I have seen many bruised eyes; but that one was the worst I have ever seen. The very sight of it was painful.

The right side of the lower lip, also was split open, and as the swelling increased, new wounds were forced on the chin. The lip became thick and projected forward, leaving the mouth partly open and giving the whole countenance a strange appearance.

On the left cheek I followed the development of a wound, which turned out to be two inches long by one inch wide. First, there was a zig-zag outline, made of a red line, the size of a thread. Within that design the skin grew red in spots, but the depth of the color was not uniform. As they became darker, they seemed to become deeper and bruised in such a way that when the wound was fully developed the flesh was bruised more in one place than in the other. Mrs. Ferron told me later that she also had

observed the same thing and added, "The wounds generally come that way."

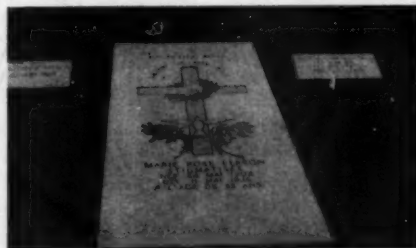
After dinner she entered into ecstasy, her right arm straightened out; if her left arm, which was tied to her body, had stretched out in the same way, she would have been in the form of a cross. Shortly afterwards she writhed with pain, her lips clenched and trembled and I could hear the muscles snap as the arms seemed to be pulled out of their sockets. The attitude of the body soon changed. As she straightened out, her hips began to move in almost the same way as her shoulders. Suddenly the movements stopped, her head jerked backward and while she was gasping for breath I heard the sound: *Krish, Kroosh . . . Krish, Kroosh . . .* at short intervals, coming as it seemed from her hips and the pit of her stomach. Was it the tearing of the muscles that made that sound as the limbs were pulled out of their joints? . . . As I heard them they seemed to me like the pains of Christ echoed from Calvary; nothing could give that sensation any better.

When everything was over I asked Rose how she felt. She answered that she felt as though her bones were out of their sockets, but still touching one another on ends. To avoid the pain she did not dare move. During such spells the contortions of her arms and shoulders with the expression and movement of her face expressed deep pain. At times Rose would clench her teeth to overcome the torture. The chill of death made her shiver, and cold sweat would appear. At that moment she said: "I thirst." They gave her water to drink; she sputtered and splashed the water with her lips, as though she were offered a sponge from which to drink. Rose repeated a second time: "I thirst," and the third time she added, "I thirst for souls."

Finally her nose sharpened, her chin dropped, her mouth remained open and the pallor of death suggested a corpse.

The healing of the wounds was as wonderful as the stigmata themselves. It was generally on Saturday that Rose's face came back to normal. When the blood was dry, it would scale off, and the wounds were healed.

Since the days of our Lord envy has always been seen on the trail of mystics. Envy is pitiless not only for the heart that harbors it, but especially for the persons it devours; then it gloats with fondness at its helpless victim. In former days it crawled



Rose's Tombstone

WHITHER—AMERICA

H. C. McGinnis

THE GRAIL is not a political magazine and it is not our intention to make it one. The confusion in the public mind, however, over current trends seems to have reached a pitch in which many readers are calling for a word of comment and explanation. We have accordingly invited Mr. H. C. McGinnis to outline in two articles the Congressional mind as he sees it, and fearlessly to point to abuses where they exist, knowing that democracy thrives on honest criticism. An articulate people is a healthy people. Not all our readers will agree with Mr. McGinnis's findings nor with his deductions, but at least he gives some plausible reasons for the prevalent confusion in American home front strategy. Are we on the road to National Socialism?

Part II

MUCH Congressional concern has been shown over administration attempts to subsidize many of the nation's basic activities. While the grant of subsidies to struggling activities is not

new in American government, the subsidizing of well established activities to butter-up their operators or to circumvent the law of supply and demand is entirely different. In subsidies the grantor is very apt to dictate the grantee's policies, thus changing private enterprise into government-operated enterprise. Germany's National Socialism retains the original heads of business but makes them so subservient to dictation that they are, in reality, government-operated. In this country, Congress fails to understand the logic advanced by those who insist that subsidies are necessary to economic stability. While we haven't space to detail the arguments advanced by subsidy advocates, let us review a recent radio statement made by Price Administrator Prentice Brown as quoted to Congress by Missouri's Bennett. Quoted Bennett: "The roll-back subsidy program on meat and butter will save consumers between two and three dollars for every dollar paid, and the Government at least \$2. This program will pay off in hard dollars and cents at the rate of 4 or 5 to 1." Commented

Bennett: "It is the most interesting arithmetic I ever heard. It is not the kind I learned in school."

Mr. Bennett asked the Congressional Library—non-partisan—to assemble authentic figures. Reported Bennett: "The Library estimated that the \$450,000,000 subsidy program on coffee, meat, and butter will cost another \$50,000,000 to administer. It is estimated that at least \$750,000,000 in interest will accrue in addition to the cost of the subsidy. This breaks down to a cost of \$9.15 per year for each individual who saves \$3.82 in 1943 on his grocery bill as a result of Uncle Sam paying part of it through subsidies from the Treasury."

The subsidy question was introduced recently into the weekly newspaper field. The Bankhead Bill proposed that the Treasury spend from 25 to 30 million dollars annually for newspaper advertising of government activities, with half to be spent in weekly papers. Even many Democratic editors have labeled this move as political pap. They see great danger in having the weekly newspaper press subservient to gov-

on Calvary and jeered at the Man of Sorrows; it challenged His truthfulness when it shouted with a snarl: "Come down from the cross, if Thou art the Son of God." That was the final blow which Jesus waited for before saying, "Consummatum est." And so it is with a great number of His victims.

In the middle of the night on May 6, I arrived at Mr. Ferron's home; a brother and two of her sisters were keeping vigil over Rose's agonizing body. I walked into the room and when I saw the condition in which she was, I was moved with pity. I could not recognize her, she was so changed; her face was not only disfigured, but wrenched out of shape. Her eyes were half closed and in their corners thick blood was gathering; her complexion was copper red and her skin appeared coarse and swollen; her breathing was painful; her mouth was open and twisted with a heart-rending expression. She was like a dying crucifix, waiting for the consummation of her martyrdom.

Then it was that envy showed up, its whisperings came buzzing from everywhere and with a snarl; it was heard saying: "She said she would die at thirty-three; . . . if she said the truth, she had better hurry, for this is the month of her birthday." When these rumors were circulating and reaching our ears, "Little Rose" passed away. The truthfulness of her ecstasies had been challenged, her martyrdom was consummated. At 10 A. M. on May 11, 1936, shortly after the prayers of the dying had been said, the soul of Rose Ferron departed, just as she had been told by Jesus seven years before, and from her bed of martyrdom her soul went on high to be judged by Him whom she loved so tenderly.

Readers who wish novena prayers and badges of Little Rose may write to the address below.

Also report to the following address, all favors obtained through the intercession of Rose.

Rev. Father O. A. Boyer, S. T. L.:
Ellenburg, New York, U. S. A.

ernment money spent or withheld according to a paper's support of the administration.

In his House speech, July 6, Minnesota's Maas charged that the freedom of the press is being infringed by current allocations of paper quotas. Said he: "Control of the press which would mean violation of the freedom of the press would be the prelude to the loss of all our freedoms. In the case of paper, the announced objective of paper limitation orders 240 and 244 was to reduce the paper consumption by at least 10%. Actually so far it appears not to have been reduced by more than 1%; and in May 1943, it was reported to be actually 2.4% more than in May 1942. What has really happened is that the amount of paper consumed is virtually no less than it was before but a considerable shift in its use has been brought about. The use of paper by those not favorable to or favored by the self-perpetuating, politically-minded bureaucrats has been reduced, and the paper increased to those who for personal reasons or through fear have surrendered their independence to the bureaucrats. The method of gaining control is apparent." Although warnings from many sources have been uttered concerning the steady infringement of freedom of the press, perhaps they are best summed up when Maas said: "The opportunity for discrimination, favoritism, and retaliation by entrenched bureaucrats is altogether too apparent. The temptation to wield such powers in such manner seems irresistible. This thing has been creeping upon us so insidiously that we have hardly realized what has taken place."

Efforts to subsidize the nation's schools and attempts to propagandize "new order" philosophies march hand in hand. Partisan propaganda has no place in our public schools and should be strictly outlawed after seeing the use Hitler made of it. This subject, a life and death question to democratic freedom, needs a presentation which present space prohibits. However, Indiana's Springer gave it a workout in his May 17 House speech. Discussing

the 93-page pamphlet, "My Part in This War," he pointed out its propaganda features: "Fundamentally, this publication is not, in spite of style and treatment of its subject matter, a study of wartime economy. It is heavy-plated pro-New Deal propaganda—a struggle of the bureaucrats against acceptance of the will of the people and the judgment of Congress. It is a desperate attempt of these same bureaucrats to use the National Education Association as a means of indoctrinating the minds of school children with 'new order' partisan political philosophies.

"This publication is being urged on the public school authorities as a high school textbook... *The Indianapolis News* editorially labels "My Part in This War" as the high-school pollution book, and urges that Congress immediately order the book destroyed and begin an investigation of its authorship for thus attempting to use good American dollars for the destruction of American liberty....

"Education as usual must be continued in as far as possible. Above all, there must be no substitutes fostered upon our public school system in the guise of war necessity.... The dissemination of such propaganda, thinly disguised as impartial instruction and public enlightenment, must be checked. Our public schools must not be turned into propaganda agencies, regardless of the sides taken in controversial political issues by any individual organization or governmental agency.... We need our money for our war effort, not for political books to be placed in our public schools to warp the minds of our children."

How seriously some people take certain administration moves, and how deeply they suspect the motives behind certain steps, may be partly judged by the remarks of Ohio's Walter E. Brehm, April 2, 1943, pages A1693 and A1694 of the Congressional Record: "I am reliably informed that there is a movement afoot to collect all firearms and ammunition from the civilian population on the plea that the Coast

Guard and Merchant Marine need them. This is not compatible with the editorials we read, stating that we have enough guns and ammunition to last an army of 11,000,000 for 10 years' combat duty.

"I am also informed that our Government is sending a representative throughout the country cancelling governmental contracts for such material. This impresses me as being another step in the disarmament of civilians as occurred in Germany, France, and other occupied countries.

"I am not a pessimist, nor a calamity howler, nor has my imagination run wild. But I cannot help wonder if this proposed program of confiscation and the bill now before us might not eventually lock step and prove to be country cousins, which we might unwittingly and innocently accept into our household, only to later regret it...."

The various fears of Congressmen, patriotic public officials, and rank and file Americans can well be summed up in the words of Congressman Judge Hatton Sumners, Texas Democrat, taken from his Jefferson Day oration. Judge Sumners is a brilliant, sane-reasoning, and intensely patriotic public official. Quoting Woodrow Wilson, he said: "When I look back upon the processes of history, when I survey the genesis of America, I see this written over every page: That the nations are renewed from the bottom, not from the top.... A nation is as great, and only as great, as her rank and file."

Continued Judge Sumners in his own words: "During the long period when the people were not alert we have been mixing a sort of degenerate Democratic-Republican philosophy and policy of government with that of the Communistic-Socialistic bureaucratic hybrid that is very potent in this country these days.... We are possibly witnessing now the recurrence of one of the most interesting and rarest phenomena to be observed in human history, this movement up from the people. If this movement to which Mr. Wilson referred is the real thing,

and all signs indicate it may be, politicians playing for advantage either for themselves or their party will find themselves swept aside. . . . It is apparently an instinctive movement, one of self-preservation, among a people still fit to be free."

Many citizens, in addition to Congressmen representing both parties, have come to believe that our home-front muddle, while partly due to plain bureaucratic bungling, is due more to attempts to foist Socialistic-Communist ideologies upon the nation. Take OPA for example. Although conditions in OPA are becoming better due to the Dirksen amendment to the OPA appropriation bill, here is what Dirksen reported to Congress in submitting his recommendations: "The price executive over building materials is an oil economist. A college professor is the price executive over iron and steel. The price executive of the industrial materials division is a Swarthmore professor and an economic expert. A political scientist from Princeton who has no business experience is price executive for the paper branch. A professor and an accountant is the price executive over the machinery branch. The price executive over chemicals and drugs is a Harvard economist and professor with part time work in the Labor Department, but no business experience. The price executive over the restaurant branch is an analyst with Macy, an economist, a statistician for the Illinois emergency relief. A sales manager and editor is price executive for consumer durable goods. The price executive over the solid fuels division is 30 years old, a Harvard economist, has been with the National Resources Planning Board and other government agencies, with no business experience. . . . An Iowa professor with no business experience is price executive for meat, fish, fats and oils. The director of the export-import price control office is a Harvard professor and a Radcliffe lecturer. The executive over the executive office and price department is 35 years old, was a regional director for the Farm Security Administration, price economist for OPA at Denver, regional direc-

tor for the national youth and labor advisor to the resettlement division."

Since the very briefest review of Dirksen's statement shows that most of OPA's price executives at that time had absolutely no experience in the fields they controlled, although their decisions did control the economic lives of over 130,000,000 Americans, one wonders just why they were appointed. Many observers charge that most administration



Garden of Joy

By Martha M. Boutwell

Find the sunshine in your garden,
Overlook the clouds above.
There is hope in phlox and poppies.
In the daisies there is love.
Discover patience in the aster,
Quiet hours in the rose,
Reverence in the purple iris,
Laughter in the golden glows.

appointees are chosen solely for their belief in policies which are Socialistic, Communistic, or that strange mixture of both which now stands revealed as Left-wing New Dealism. This charge has been made frequently in Congress and one reading its proceedings learns how well substantiated some of these charges are. Taking a speech by Congressman McGehee we find that: one official

was charged that he "entertained in his home a Red delegation to the Washington conference of the Communist League for Peace and Democracy." Another was charged with being a fellow traveler of the Communists and "chairman of the Communist-Front Consumers' Union, a sponsor of the Communist spawned Motion Picture Artists' committee, a signer of the 1939 Communist manifesto vowing fealty to the Soviet regime" and the author of a book containing "an attack on American democracy—an overthrow of the American way of life." McGehee charged another with signing "a copy of the Communist trade-union manifesto in concert with William Z. Foster, chairman of the Communist Party of the United States, and Earl Browder, an ex-convict and at one time general secretary of the Communist Party in this country." McGehee charged another government official with having "served as educational director in Russia for two years."

Such charges by many Congressmen and reports by the Dies Committee fill pages of the Congressional Record. It is these charges, often conclusively proven, that have both Congress and much of the country gravely concerned. How deep seated is this alarm and some of the reasons for it may be gleaned from the speech of Congressman Mason, Illinois, Congressional Record, May 13, 1943, discussing the National Resources Planning Board Report: "The real author of the Delano Report is one Mrs. Eveline Burns, Ph.D., the Director of Research for the National Resources Planning Board. She is an English Socialist who came to America a few years ago with her husband, Dr. Arthur R. Burns, now Chief Advisor to the War Production Board. She is an important cog in the New Deal machine that grinds out socialistic schemes to destroy private property in America and to bring about state socialism. She is a brilliant woman, saturated with the philosophy of Karl Marx. This same Dr. Eveline Burns in 1932 collaborated with others in the preparation of a book entitled *Socialist Planning and a*

Social Program. In her contribution to this book she urged outright government control of both labor and property. . . . It is interesting to know at this point that the Drs. Burns are both natives of England and were British subjects until a recent phase of the New Deal Era, at which time they became United States citizens, and very soon thereafter secured high posts in these offices of the United States government. It has been pointed out by Washington observers that the people of America are indebted to the Drs. Burns for the underground railroad, operated jointly and expertly by the Honorable Felix Frankfurter of the United States Supreme Court, and the Honorable Harold Laski, of the London School of Economics. The Drs. Burns are both high functionaries of the London School of Economics, which has turned out in its day a fine mess of confused master statisticians, enthusiastic Communists, and Socialist joiners. In fact, it may well be said that the London School of Economics has specialized in turning out brain twisters who are experts in producing calculated frustration on a massed scale by means of planned confusion ending up in regimented chaos."

Continued Mr. Mason: "Now let us take up Vice President Henry A. Wallace. . . . In his pamphlet 'America Must Choose,' Mr. Wallace said: 'Much as we all dislike them, the new types of social control that we now have in operation are here to stay, and to grow on a world or national scale. We shall have to go on doing all these things we do not want to do. . . . It may be necessary to make a public utility out of agriculture. . . . Every plowed field would have its permit sticking up on its post. . . . It would be necessary to go to Congress to get a very large appropriation so as to have a police force of half a million men to keep down the racketeering.'"

Then Mr. Mason said: "Paul Porter, the present head of the Shipping Division of the War Labor Board, is another Socialist on the Government payroll at \$8,000 per year. In 1934, Porter wrote a tax plan for

the Socialist Party of America which said in part: 'All natural resources, such as minerals, forests, and water-power sites, all banks, insurance companies, and public utilities, and all basic industries such as mining and the manufacture of steel, automobiles, and textiles, shall be public property. . . . All owners of stocks, bonds, mortgages, land, buildings, or equipment effectual shall be required to surrender them in return for Commonwealth bonds.' Porter's plan proposed the confiscation of all forms of property except dwellings and subsistence farms, Government limitation of all income, and a program that would force everybody to work for the Government. State Socialism is the name we call it; nazism is what they call it in Germany; fascism, in Italy; and communism, in Russia. And so, the socialistic pattern of the New Deal becomes plainly evident as we spread out before us the aims and objectives of the leading New Dealers."



The Little Things

By Martha M. Boutwell

It's the simple words,
The humble deeds
That make life sad or gay.
It's the smile sincere,
The handclasp warm
That brightens up a day.

Summed up Mr. Mason: "As a member of the Dies Committee, I feel that our committee has barely scratched the surface in connection with the dangerous infiltration into our Government bureaus and departments of those enemies of our American way of life for the purpose of undermining and destroying

this Government of ours. . . . When we are engaged in the greatest war the world has ever known; when we should be straining every effort to achieve an early victory over a desperate and despicable enemy; when our boys are fighting and dying in the four corners of the world, I ask, Is this the time to appoint, to condone, or to tolerate socialist crackpots in important and responsible Government positions? Do you not think they should be weeded out now, and should not those elected officials who are responsible for their appointment be voted out of office at the first opportunity?"

This article quotes only a few of many such statements which could be cited. Whether or not they constitute real cause for the alarm shown by so many American patriots, both staunch Democrats and Republican alike, must be decided by each individual American. This decision must not be reached through a superficial study. Each American must become a close observer; for where there is so much smoke, there must be fire. Too many real Americans are too gravely concerned for us to consider the matter as mere political bickering. American democracy may be at stake and it is our sacred duty to be vigilant, for, as Cardinal O'Connell said in his 1942 Easter message: "What America offers and gives and maintains for her citizens is a treasure so precious that it is sacred. The preservation of that heritage is to every American a sacred trust and with the possession of that trust goes the obligation to preserve, defend, and perpetuate it. That is the meaning of true patriotism."

"The defense of our altars and our homes is an obligation which rests upon every citizen. The founders of this, our beloved nation, were ready to offer whatever they possessed, even life itself, to maintain the sacredness of their civil rights and their religious freedom, and we know that Americans today are no less determined to maintain, with God's help, our land, our country, our homes, our altars, and the precious inheritance of our American way of life."



A woman of evident determination, Sue sat erect in the car, her arms folded.

Being Nice to Father Fabian

Arnold White

MINNIE stumbled over her own feet and turning, gave way to a silly giggle, which turned her brother's look of concern into one of disgust. "Minnie," he said, "you are doddering."

"What can you expect of an aging old maid?" Minnie cackled, without deviating from her course. Her skirts might have been the proper length for 1943, but they still gave the impression of crinolin and an unmistakable rustle of taffeta accompanied her pattering exit.

Paul turned back to his duties as host,—no light duties, either for his missionary brother, Father Fabian, was in town, and Father Fabian had, this time, brought three of his dusky charges. Already Paul had used his famous 2000-volt personality to get service for the party. Father Fabian's mission work among the darkies of Alabama was beautifully attested to in the three clear-eyed characters, stalwart though black, who gave attention to Paul's conversation.

Meanwhile, Minnie, outdoors for the third time since their arrival, talked with Paul's wife, Sue. A woman of evident determination, Sue sat erect in

the car, her arms folded. Her lips were clamped as though caught in the teeth of a bear trap. Her eyes flashed so wildly that only Minnie's oblivious mind would have withstood the fireworks. Minnie's efforts were evidently unavailing. In fact, Minnie might just as well have been talking to herself.

Then it was that Joe and Lula drove up in the usual rush. The car sprayed gravel as it came to an abrupt stop. "Howdy everyone! Is the good Father here?" This from Joe.

Lula, more observant of storm signals, lifted an eyebrow. "I must powder my nose, Joe. Go on in and talk with your brothers. They'll be clocking you for tardiness, as usual."

"Watch your wind, boy! Don't be always running like that!" came Paul's blustering laugh from inside, and then Father Fabian's gentle tones floated out as he made introductions.

Lula replaced her compact, and eased her weight out of the car. "I'll bet I know exactly what's wrong," she sniffed. "Sue, you're a snob. I knew the blacks would be here. That's why I refused to entertain at home...."

Minnie opened her mouth. Lula continued, unseeing:

"You think I want those black nig—colored men—sitting around in my upholstered chairs? You think I'd cook myself to a frazzle feeding them? I just told Joe—I put my foot down right there. Well—"

Minnie made as though to speak. Lula said:

"Of course, I'm not ashamed to eat with them. I just told Joe to make sure it would be where we wouldn't be seen by anyone who knew us—"

Sue sat, immobile.

A hand fluttered, and Minnie sighed. "Let's go on in, Lula. We're been through all that already. Sue won't come anyway and they're waiting dinner."

"I still say you're a snob," Lula ended. "We ought to be nice to Father Fabian."

Babbling ineffectually, Minnie beat Lula inside. "Did you know the temperature here is cooler than it ever gets in your adopted state, Fabian?" Minnie began teasingly. And the fight was on. Fabian's passion for his mission field included its weather. Minnie and Fabian were already comparing temperature records and seeking longitude and latitude on the map which for some strange reason just happened to be in Minnie's purse.

Paul, introducing Lula to the three quiet black men, grinned a little, for she had not offered her hand and her smile of acknowledgment stretched over her teeth as though it were glued onto her face by an inartistic mask-maker.

They were seated, Lula safe between Joe and Paul, Minnie among the guests from afar, before Fabian noticed Sue's continued absence.

"Sue?" Paul stuttered, seeking Minnie's eyes in terror. "Well—"

"Poor Sue," interjected Minnie impolitely, "she's deathly ill, Paul. Now don't you dare go out and insist on her coming in. You *know* what ragweed does to her, and it is all your fault for bringing us out here to eat, just because you like their food so well, you selfish old brute. Now I just got her out of a desperate sneezing fit, and if you even look like you're going to disturb her, I'll report you to her physician." Minnie's eyes roved to the window. A quaver came to her voice. "Poor Sue. Just look at her, trying so bravely not to give in. It's a new cure. You just sit perfectly stiff, stare straight ahead and concentrate. It has to be a strong concentration because otherwise you can't forget the sneezing fit. Sue's concentrating on the Japs."

"Why, Minnie, you're a nurse and you know better than that. You're just torturing poor Sue. That's no cure for hay fever. I'm going right out there and—"

Minnie laughed lightly. "Call it a cure or not, Father; it's working."

"But—"

"Well, maybe Sue is a hypochondriac, Father. Don't ask me about the science of it. All I know is that she is all right now and she was at death's door ten minutes ago. For heaven's sake, let's give thanks it works. By now she must have imagined herself penned up in a Jap prison, to judge from her fierce expression."

Paul grinned and waved Father Fabian back to his seat. "I wouldn't be surprised if Minnie's right in her diagnosis, Father. Concentration will be the answer for Sue, and maybe ignoring it will be the answer for us. Eat something, Minnie, you always did talk too much."

Lula's head lifted innocently and she came to the fore with light conversation. "Do you have plenty of watermelons and chickens in your mission lands?" she chirped.

Something caught in Minnie's throat. Consternation and embarrassment were very much in evidence, until she had caught sufficient breath to remind Fabian of the day in the fourth grade when he dipped Emma Zitherberg's braids into the ink.

Emma Zitherberg's revenge and Fabian's payment of Minnie's bribe to keep silent at home concerning the episode constituted a long long tale, and at last the meal was over. Now and then Lula interposed a remark, evidently with some doubts concerning the guests' hearing. She shouted her cordialities at them, grinning toothily, as she had shouted and grinned at the "foreigners" with whom she had attempted conversation on her famous trip to Europe.

The party prepared a departure, and Minnie had a conference with the chef. Before long a tray of dinner was prepared for the sick woman, to take in the car, in case she recovered somewhat after they had driven out of the ragweed country.

Sue was still sitting, immovable as they filed toward the parking lot. Paul carried the tray. Lula, hanging onto Father Fabian's arm, had finally edged Minnie away, and in quick inquisition was asking, "Do they burst out with spirituals when you'd rather they would sing Gregorian? Are they regular jitterbugs shouting Halleluja into your sermons? Aren't you afraid, sometimes? Do they have lynchings and—things? While you're in town, Father, can't you tear yourself away from them just once and—er—well, I just wanted you to see our new home. Are you *really* happy, Father?"

Biting his lips, Joe steered the party away from Paul's car, waving a brief salute. Minnie, who had dropped slowly back as Lula's barrage of questions began, felt her chatty efforts sagging a little. And

then Lula was shrilling, "Joe, have you *no* Christianity? Give your brother a check, this instant, to help him in his work with these poor benighted people."

Joe slid under the steering wheel and drew out a check book.

Minnie observed the drawn white look on her priest-brother's face. She looked quickly away and found the three dark men in whose company she was left surrounding her. "Guess you think I'm a nut, babbling so much all the time," she smiled up at them sheepishly. "Old Maids have to talk fast

while they have someone around to listen."

One of the Negroes, tall and gaunt, pressed her hand a moment. "You're a great woman, ma-am. And we want to thank you. You see, we don't care for ourselves, but we love Father Fabian. All our people do."

"But—"

"You see, ma-am, Father had sent me to his car before dinner for his breviary. I must apologize for overhearing. It wasn't intentional. But what the lady had to say didn't really sound like a sneezing fit."



Almost Sixty Thousand "Watch and Pray"

Mateo Crawley-Boevey, SS.CC.

IN TROUBLED and stormy periods of world-convulsing crises, especially in times of warfare and upheavals, we generally see as an accompaniment, a rising tide of sin and immorality. But at the same time, a strong reaction of Christian fervor and sacrifice sets in to counteract and quiet that morbid excitement. It is the counterbalance that restores peace to storm-tossed mankind, as Christ Himself stilled the billowing waves of the lake and "there was again a great calm" (Luke 8:25).

In proof, let us glance back to the time of the so-called Reformation, a period productive of numerous and great Saints all over Europe and in Rome itself. When the fury of hell was let loose upon the earth, these holy souls offered to God a social ransom with prayer and penance. Thus they drew down divine mercy on a world gone mad with defiance and immorality. These were flames from heaven that extinguished the fires of hell. When Satan kindles a revolution, Divine Providence prepares a counter-revolution of prayer, sanctity and *Penance*.

Note that I italicized this eminently Christian virtue, "*Penance*." During the last war, I crossed the whole of Europe as a crusader for prayer and penance. Now I again come forward to proclaim that same redemptive doctrine to this dear land involved in the storm that covers the world with a deluge of blood. While aviators, soldiers and sailors so bravely sacrifice themselves, even risking death

in the fulfillment of duty, I wish to remind our good and sincere Catholic people of their own grave obligation to stand by one of the greatest moral principles of Christinity. That duty can best be expressed in the words of our divine Master: "Unless you repent you will all perish in the same manner" (Luke 13:5). Catholic parents, Catholic young men and women, hasten to the altar. Every morning unite your noble anxieties and prayers with the Precious Blood in the Chalice. Rouse yourselves! Go to Church eagerly! Fervently celebrate daily Mass together with the priest for home and country!

Devout Catholic families, where the Sacred Heart has been solemnly enthroned, become sanctuaries of prayer. Pray hard, indeed, but make your prayers perfect with sacrifice and *penance*. Oh, that you all, you, those faithful friends of the Sacred Heart may become Night Adorers in your homes to console Him better than the Angel of the Agony!

Many have heard me say that the Catholics of America have never disappointed me. How happy I am today to show you the reason for my confidence in them.

Shortly before the tragedy of Pearl Harbor I came to this country. Boldly I initiated the crusade of "Night Adorers in the Home." Overjoyed, I am able to offer the following statistics to prove the wonderful success of this work of reparation in

the United States. Rejoice with me in this beautiful harvest of devotion which I place at the feet of the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, as an immense consolation for Jesus the King of Love, and for His venerable Vicar on earth.

SOME ELOQUENT STATISTICS

Figures, though ordinarily prosaic, here speak more eloquently than words. From those in charge of Night Adoration in their cities, we have received the following report, giving us the number of Night Adorers to date:

Milwaukee, Wis. (Sisters of Notre Dame)---	14,150
Chicago, Ill. (Three Secretariates) -----	7,803
Clyde, Mo. (Benedictine Sisters) -----	6,200
Louisville, Ky. (Diocesan Secretariate) -----	6,101
Fair Haven, Mass. (Sacred Hearts Sisters)---	5,000

Los Angeles, Calif. (Social Service Sisters) -	4,553
San Francisco, Calif. (Helpers of the Holy Souls) -----	3,697
Milwaukee, Wis. (Franciscan Sisters) -----	3,131
Dubuque, Iowa (Visitation Convent) -----	2,144
San Francisco, Calif. (Presentation Sisters) -	1,988
La Crosse, Wis. (Franciscan Sisters) -----	958
San Diego, Calif. (Social Service Sisters) ---	661
Tucson, Ariz. (Benedictine Sisters) -----	451
Sacramento, Calif. (Social Service Sisters) -	345
Fort Wayne, Ind. (Catechists) -----	316
Mundelein, Ill. (Benedictine Sisters) -----	248
Honolulu, Hawaii (Sacred Heart Sisters) --	245
Legionaries of Mary -----	165
Oakland, Calif. (Providence Hospital) -----	50
A total of 58,603 Night Adorers in America!	
Thanks, glory and praise be to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!	



GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.

HEADS OR TAILS



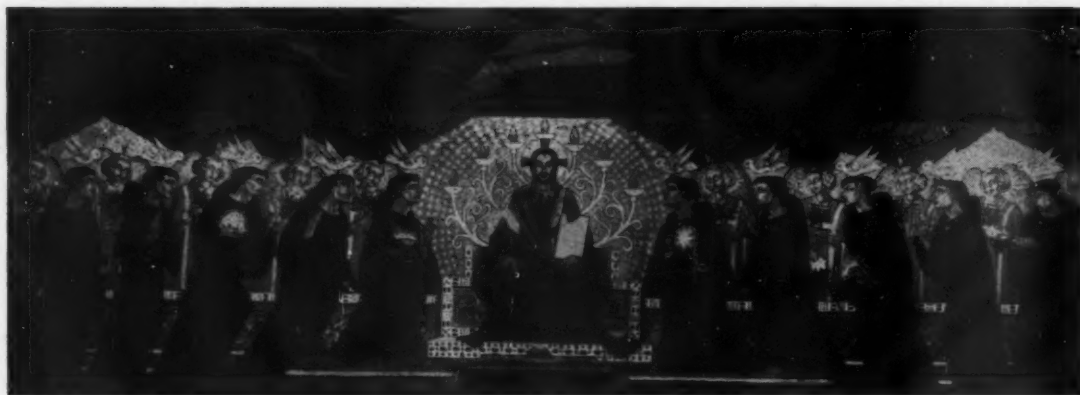
"I have found no guilt in this man."
—St. Luke 23:14.

"HEADS I win, tails you lose." The Savior's life is not worth a plugged penny. He is "bound" to lose. A coin (of the tribute?) is flipped, but neither heads nor tails come up; it stands on edge—upright. **T**AILS (The Jews) says: "He forbids the payment of taxes to Caesar." **H**EADS (Pilate) replies: "Judge Him according to your law." (T) "It is not lawful for us to put anyone to death." (H) "I find no guilt in him; I will therefore chastise Him and release Him." (T) "If thou release this man thou art no friend of Caesar." (H) "What shall I do with your king?" (T) "Crucify Him!" Then Pilate pronounces sentence that what they ask for should be done and he delivers Jesus to their will. Tails "win" and Jesus loses His life.

Jesus, silent and bound, is a picture of the innocent victim who can defend himself neither by words nor blows against the slander that wounded pride spreads about him. For these false accusations, like those of the Jews that did not agree, find a willing helper in spreading them in old hag Rumor who peddles her eggs from door to door. But offended pride has brooded over these eggs so long and with such heat that they are all rotten. You had better candle her eggs (with the light of truth and the flame of charity) lest you become guilty of condemning an innocent victim, a good name, to painful crucifixion.

The Wall Paintings in Our Chapter Room

Abbot Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.



HAVING viewed the rich, exquisite paintings on the ceiling of the Chapter Room, we now turn our attention to the paintings on the four walls. High-backed wood benches surround the entire room. The wall space above these bench backs, up to the ceiling, is decorated with most fascinating figures. The long side walls are penetrated on each side by six pairs of windows. This offers five wall spaces on each side, ten spaces on the two sides, that are used to illustrate ten good works. In Chapter four of The Holy Rule, seventy-two good works are enumerated by St. Benedict. Of these he says in the concluding paragraph of the Chapter:

"Behold, these are the instruments of the spiritual art, which, if they be constantly employed by day and by night, and delivered up on the day of judgment, that reward will be made to us by the Lord which He Himself has promised: 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him.' And the workshop in which we are to labor diligently at all these things is the enclosure of the monastery and stability in the community."

This paragraph is painted in letters of red along the top of the white walls of three sides of the Chapter Room, the text beginning and ending at the two ends of the main painting at the front end of the room. It serves as a decorative border between the richly colored ceiling and the plain white background of the three walls. The front end of

the room containing the main painting is even more richly colored than the ceiling. Except the very colorful main painting on this front end wall, all the wall pictures are in simple design and color. Only two colors are used, blue and ocher. All the figures of painted monks are rather diminutive in size. This with the simplicity in design and color is to stress the contrast between the handiwork of God shown on the ceiling and the handiwork of man shown on the walls. It is wholesome for man so prone to pride to realize that the best he can do is so sickly small when compared with what God can do and constantly does.

The following ten paintings are in the ten spaces on the two side walls: First, a picture teaching silence. Seated and reading a book is a monk. His right first finger is touched to his lips to indicate silence. In Latin are the words off to one side: *Multum loqui non amare*. They mean: Not to love much speaking. Each painting in this series is decorated with a Latin text taken from the Rule of St. Benedict. A graceful little statue rests on a small wall shelf, and a few books are on another shelf. That completes painting number one.

The second picture shows us a monk kneeling in devout contemplation. Before him on the wall is a crucifix. Near the crucifix is a small window. That is all, except for the text from The Holy Rule: *Vitam aeternam omni concupiscentia spiritali desiderare*. These words mean: To desire everlasting life with all spiritual longing.

The third picture warns us against what Stalin and Hitler did several years ago. Here is the text: *Pacem falsam non dare*. And in English that means: Not to make a feigned peace. Two monks are shown giving each other the kiss of peace. The warning is, let it be sincere and not feigned.

In the fourth place we see a table set with good things to eat. Three young monks are seated at table, whilst a fourth good monk is waiting on them with all charity. The lesson: *Fratres sibi invicem serviant*.—Let the brethren wait on one another.

Now there comes a sweet little picture. It is number five. An aged monk with long beard on his chin and cowl over his head is sitting on a chair. Out of a book he is solemnly reading to two very young novices. They are seated on a short bench. With heads bent forward towards the aged reader they show, one a serious mien, the other a most docile countenance. And the lesson from The Holy Rule is evident: *Lectiones sanctas libenter audire*.—To listen willingly to holy reading.

Number six is a favorite. A scholarly looking monk is spading earth around a small olive tree. A raven is benefitting by the monk's obedience. He is pulling a worm from the newly spaded earth. The Latin text is striking and shows the depth of thought behind St. Benedict's words. "*Injungatur ei opus quod faciat ut non vacet*." Ordinarily this would be translated into English thus: Let work be given him to do, that he be not idle. Yet, the Latin word '*injungatur*' is much more expressive than that. It contains within it the word '*jugum*,' which means 'yoke.' More literally and more correctly it means: Let a job be hitched to him or yoked to him, that he be not idle. St. Benedict believes in manual labor. He thinks it is good even for the learned, and therefore the artist has put a scholarly monk to work. In compliance with this doctrine of St. Benedict one finds many priest monks not only willing to do manual work, but actually doing manual work with ready obedience. In these times this is a wholesome teaching.

The seventh painting. Three monks. One is seated on a bench. Another is kneeling before him and drying the feet that he has washed for his confrere. A third stands, holding water basin and picher. Humility is the lesson. The text says: *Omnibus inferiorem se credat monachus*.—Let the monk consider himself below everybody.

The eighth picture is a rich lesson in hospitality. A very poor shepherd with tattered garments had been searching long for a lost sheep. He finally found it and after dark was on his way home, lighting his way with a lantern. The monks invited him in to supper. The simple dining room is ready. The table is set. One monk is setting a bowl of soup

on the table; another is kissing the feet of the tired shepherd, who is shown standing just inside the open door. With one hand he holds his lighted lantern; with the other he holds the feet of the little sheep that he has on his shoulders. St. Benedict wants his monks to see Christ and to receive Christ in their guests. For that reason this poor, tired shepherd is shown with the Christ halo around his head. Off to the side is the very important lesson: *Quia in pauperibus Christus magis suscipitur*.—Because in the poor Christ is more especially received. When Religious or other persons too are more ready to serve the rich than the poor, it is to be feared that money is their suit. Maybe they neither see nor seek Christ in their guests. St. Benedict brings home to his monks a worthwhile point.

Number nine. This is a very simple painting. A monk kneeling in his cell is using the scourge. "*Corpus castigare*" is the simple advice of St. Benedict. "Chastize the body." The world has a different ideal: Pamper the body. Then follows softness and ease and sin and war. It takes a war to toughen persons' bodies by an unavoidable castigation.

The last picture of the series of ten stresses care of the sick. A little monk with bowed body and heavy beard is sitting in a chair enjoying a bowl of soup or broth. Before him stands the infirmarian preparing a dose of medicine. Behind the sick man's chair stands a youthful monk that seems bent on springing a surprise on the sick man. My guess is that he tiptoed into the room and is about to tickle the sick man's neck to surprise him. At least there is a roguish look in the visitor's eye. A little kitty is beside the chair of the sick man. On the table is a bouquet, a bible, and a bottle of medicine bearing the label "Parkview Hospital." Parkview Hospital belongs to Doctor N. A. James, our house physician, who dispenses medicines to the monks and the students at St. Meinrad. Beside the picture we read these words from The Holy Rule: *Sicut revera Christo, ita infirmis serviat*.—Let the sick be served as Christ Himself. Yes, that really does raise the standard of service.

On each side of the entrance door at the east end there is a lovely large painting. One side shows a dying monk aided by his brethren. Some are administering the last sacraments; at the foot end of the bed others are holding the profession scroll bearing the vows made by the dying monk years ago. From above rays stream down from the spread out hands of Christ, and between the rays one reads the gratifying words: "Well done, good servant!" They are in Latin: *Euge, serve bone*. Off to one side is the important lesson in these words of St. Benedict's Rule: To keep death daily before one's

eyes.—*Mortem quotidie ante oculos suspectam habere.*

On the other side of the door is the death scene of St. Benedict himself. When he felt his death approaching he had himself brought into the church, where supported by the arms of his brethren, he died standing before God's holy altar. This painting beautifully portrays this death scene in a most holy fashion. Inspiring are the words near the picture: *Studeamus amare quod amavit.*—Let us strive to love what he (St. Benedict) loved.

Between the last two described paintings is the door to the Chapter Room. Over it is a huge gilded beam into the face of which are carved the words: *JUGUM STAE REGULAE.—YOKE OF THE HOLY RULE.* It is gilded because often The Holy Rule was called the Golden Rule of St. Benedict, because of its precious, sanctifying influence on countless thousands of souls. Directly over this beam is a picture of St. Benedict around whose halo are the words: *Gratia Benedictus et Nomine.* 'Benedict' means Blessed. Therefore the words mean, Blessed by grace and by name. The golden beam is supported by two wood carved figures of monks. On their profoundly bowed heads the Yoke of The Rule is resting. The one monk holds a

bowl of holy water in his hands to serve the persons that enter and leave the room. The other holds the Cross, symbol of faith, that brings endurance to the bearer of The Rule. Eight feet is the height of these carved figures. Our good Brother Herman did the carving, following the clay models made by Dom Gregory de Wit. Brother Herman also did some fine carving on the reader's desk that stands in the center towards the entrance of the Chapter Room.

One more painting remains to be described, and it is the main one—the big painting at the west end of the room. It stretches all the way across the west wall, about twenty-five feet. In the center sits Christ on a bejeweled throne that stretches off to the right and to the left in the form of a rich bench on which His Saints will sit. Behind the figure of the seated Christ is a seven-branched candlestick before a background of countless stars. In His hand Christ holds the seven stars mentioned in the early part of the Apocalypse. In fact, many of the ideas of this painting are taken from the first three Chapters of this rich Picture Book, the Apocalypse. In his left hand Christ has a card with the words (in Latin): "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to render to each one according to his



works." These words hint at the good works portrayed on the walls, the 'instruments' of the spiritual art proposed by St. Benedict. On each side of Christ there are five stalwart monks, shown in their habits, coming towards Christ and preparing to receive their heavenly reward after their life on earth. Below the bench they are about to occupy at the right and the left of Christ are the Latin words from the Apocalypse (3:21) that translated into English tell us: "He who overcomes, I will permit him to sit with me upon my throne; as I also have overcome and have sat with my Father on his throne." A rich color effect is produced on the painting by the stream of blue water that gushes forth from beneath the throne of Christ and runs along the lower part of the picture to right and left.

A great contrast is noticed between the lowly figures of the monks engaged in the good works described in the former pictures and the stalwart monks approaching Christ in heaven to receive their reward. We think of St. Paul's words to the Philippians (3:20-21), "But our citizenship is in heaven from which also we eagerly await a Savior, our Lord Jesus Christ, who will REFASHION THE BODY OF OUR LOWLINESS, CONFORMING IT TO THE BODY OF HIS GLORY."—Several of these monks approaching Christ bear in their hands symbols that point to something in their life on earth. One holds a cup of hidden manna which is for him who has overcome during his life on earth. Another holds a pebble or stone on which is a new name, which no one knows except him who receives it. Another holds an iron scepter, for he that has overcome will have authority over the nations. All these ideas are borrowed from thoughts in the afore-mentioned chapters of the Apocalypse. At each end we see a monk putting aside his lamp, the symbol of faith, no longer needed in the brightness

of the land of glory. The oil pot too has been set aside. No more need of filling the lamp.

Beside each of the ten monks one sees the Guardian Angel that accompanied him through life. Above each head is the dove or spirit that served as prompter or guide. Laurel trees form the upper part of the background; and laurel wreaths have been formed by the Guardian Angels and placed on the heads of the happy men. The whole picture is rich in color and serves as the center of the entire decorative theme.

Directly below the painted throne of Christ is the throne chair of the Abbot, who "in the monastery is believed to hold the place of Christ," according to St. Benedict. To the right and left of his throne chair extends the long bench that reaches all the way around the Chapter Room to the very doorway at the opposite end. Thus the Abbot and his family of monks are well seated in the midst of many inspirations that surely will help them to rise through good works taught by St. Benedict to the rewards promised by Christ. Indeed, it is lovely to behold these paintings and windows with their rich inspiring ideas. Yet, as one passes through the room, over the beautiful Egyptian buff tile floor to the doorway, he ends by passing under the yoke of the Golden Holy Rule, which reminds him that he is going forth to bear his burden of obedience till the happy day of release through death comes, that will usher the faithful monks into the company of their countless sainted Conferees and their own glorious Father, St. Benedict.

Just before you pass out through the Chapter Room door, you notice at your left in small printed letters the following memorial words: *Hanc aulam qui coepit in me Deus ipse perfecit. Gratias agit Gregorius, monachus pictor. Dedicavit autem R'mus Ignatius Abbas in Transitu S. P. N. Benedicti, 21 Martii, A. D. 1943.*

BOOKLETS TO BUY

The Sacraments (Rev. Gregory Smith and Charles McNeill), a discussion textbook to complete "The Divine Love Story"—A trilogy dealing in previous parts with the Apostles' Creed and the Commandments. Single copies 25¢. Order from The Catholic Action Committee, 424 N. Broadway, Wichita, Kansas.

Holy Services for the Dead (SVJATY OTPRAVY ZA USOPSICH) a prayer book or ritual for funeral services in the Catholic Church of the Old-Slavonic Rite. Price depends on binding. Order from Rev. Julius Grigassy, D.D., 431 George St., Braddock, Pa.

Weapons of the Spirit (Father John J. Hugo) is a valiant plea to keep a Christian attitude toward war and its victims, friendly or otherwise. This little book-

let is destined to receive a cold shoulder now and an appreciative understanding after the war. Order from The Catholic Worker, 115 Mott St., New York 13, N. Y.

Our Lady of Fatima, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. History of the apparitions and collection of prayers. Price 10¢. Benedictine Convent, Clyde, Mo.

The Goodness of Our Saviour to those who trust Him. Encouragement for the fainthearted; consolation for the disconsolate. Price 10¢. Benedictine Convent, Clyde, Mo.

My Daily Companion at Mass. Collection of prayers arranged to be said during Mass. Price 10¢. Benedictine Convent, Clyde, Mo.

UP BY BIG BUTTE



by
MARY LANIGAN
HEALY



The Mannings are a family of six, augmented temporarily by the arrival from California of two nieces and a nephew to live in Copper City, Montana, until their sick mother is able to return from the hospital. Tom Manning is convalescing after an accident in which he risked his life for that of a child. In his absence from his classes Walter McGruder conducted the lectures in English Literature. Walter has just met Frances and Clare at the rink and has accompanied them to the Manning home.

Frances smiled, "Goodness. You don't know what this is about, do you? We've grown so used to it we kind of forgot. You see, we have to take time out at the first bedtime in the house for family prayer."

Walter said, "Well," but the one word was rounded with puzzlement yet.

Julia explained further, "It's an old time custom, Walter, that has been neglected pretty generally in late years. We in Copper City are reviving it among ourselves. Wouldn't you like to join us tonight?"

His brow straightened its question lines, "There's nothing I'd like better, Mrs. Manning, but I'm afraid I wouldn't know how."

"That's O K," Sue put in helpfully. "Prayer is the lifting of the heart and mind to God and even the pagans and heathens can do that with the proper opportunity. That's what Sister Imelda says."

Walter laughed heartily with the rest of them,


"It never occurred to me before that I'd fit into either of these categories, but I guess I do."

"Oh no, Mac," Sue said earnestly, "you mustn't feel that way about it. There are some people who are just ignorant of the Word of God. Maybe you are one of them." Of course that only made matters worse and Julia realized that her side was throbbing from laughter. If Sue didn't cease her quotations from the tongue of good Sister Imelda soon, she was going to overtax her capacity for mirth. That Sue. Tom had thumped his knee a couple of good wallops which helped his roars and the others were still laughing. Sue did not laugh nor did her loyal companion, Ruth, although the latter wore a man smile as though she hoped that the neutral stand would offend neither camp. Sue persisted as soon as could be heard, "Oh well, Mac, you just kneel down and do the best you can and I'm sure it will be all right."

"Thanks Sue," he gravely answered.

Everybody found a comfortable spot to kneel and Tom began, "In the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

There was the flash of hands in the soft light as the gesture of the Sign of the Cross was made. Walter did not make the gesture but watched with intense interest the motions of the others. They began then the recitation of the Rosary. What a complete form of devotion it is, Julia was thinking. How like the rounded chain of its physical form, it managed to include everything. "I believe



in God, the Father Almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth," she began to listen objectively to the familiar procedure, as one would who did not know so well the easily trod way. As Walter might. There were the fundamental beliefs of the Church, the same 'Our Father' Our Lord Himself had taught, the repetition of the *Gloria* that emphasized the tri-fold pact of the Trinity and the over and over and over again and always beautiful:

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death, Amen.

It was all there, as magnificent as a symphony, as simple as a lullaby. All the answers were there, all the truths. The subjection of the human will to the Divine was there. The grandeur and dignity of motherhood. The rounding out of the cycle of life on earth and the eternal span of heaven. Birth and death and Mary to hold our hands. Julia was moved with a deep feeling of pride in her faith.

When the prayers were over and Tom and the little girls had climbed the stairs the inclination for dancing was gone. The rest of the Group remained closely assembled about the fireplace and when one of the boys snapped out the lamps, there remained only that incomparable illumination that fire can give. Conversation seemed to well up and recede of its own volition in such a setting.

"Funny thing is," confessed Walter, "I really think that I'm a Catholic, myself."

"But Walter," gasped Frances, as she quickly drew back her expression of surprise, "Forgive me. I'm as bad as Sue."

"Good thing you didn't make any such remark to Sue," Hank said, "or she might have felt it called for the verification of baptism, and it's a pretty cold night to get your head all wet."

Julia felt that Walter made the remark with the intention of enlargement so she said quietly, "Why do you say that, Walter?"

"It goes back," Walter said, "a long way. To one of those strange wisps of information that edges into a child's mind and sort of settles there to become noticeable every now and then. I will admit that the fact of my religion was pretty nearly forgotten though until just recently."

I was raised by a bachelor uncle in the deep South. He was a grand old man and typical of his generation and background. When I lost my parents in a train wreck I was too small to remember. He took me home and was as good and kind to me as though I were his son. I suppose that my regard

for him was one reason why I wouldn't even let myself think too much about religion.

We lived in South Carolina, in a little town where Catholics were regarded with disdain and almost fear. I picked up the notion of my perhaps being a Catholic from gossip out in the kitchen when I was a kid. That used to be great for little boys and girls of my age to slip into the kitchen when the Negro servants were talking. Almost anything could be heard then, from a hair raising ghost story to some plum of personal information such as I picked up.

We must have had a new maid and the cook was impressing her with her superior possession of all family affairs. "Now take Master Walter," I remember her saying, "take that young 'un. As nice a little fellow as you'd want to see, but—" and here her voice went into a husky whisper, "he's a Catholic, that's what he is, and you keep your mouth shut and never breathe I told you." I was crouching on the stairs and I saw the cook, Mattie, roll her eyes ominously and make a sweeping gesture with her hands. Her motions seemed to have to do with the fact that I was a Catholic and I can tell you I was pretty upset. I slipped away and into my own room and shut the door. When I had nerve enough I stood in front of my dressing table and peered at my own reflection. I don't know what I expected to find but somehow I thought that being a Catholic I'd be able to discover something pretty exciting to cause Mattie to whisper so and to roll her eyes.

Naturally I forgot the incident more or less as children do. But I suppose because of it I've always maintained a certain interest in Catholicity and away back in my mind was the decision someday to investigate the status of my folks' religion and my own. A reluctance to ask my uncle and laziness accounts for the fact that I've never gotten around to it. As long as he was alive, I saw no reason to disturb him.

"Are people really that prejudiced down there?" Barney wanted to know.

"You bet they are," Walter said. "Sue might truthfully call it ignorance but nevertheless the general attitude is one of intolerance and bigotry."

"Oh," softly came from Frances. At the slight sound, Walter said in a humor lightened tone, "Since coming up North, I've reached the conclusion that there are Catholics around who are really lovely."

Hank and Barney exchanged one of the frequent punches at one another which seemed to express messages each understood. "No doubt he has reference to Aunt Julia," Barney said.

"No doubt," guffawed Hank.

Walter however was unabashed, "I meant her, too," he said.

After that evening it became very natural to find Walter about. Casually he came and went, never staying long enough to interfere with anyone's homework or other plans, never specifically seeking Frances out, but always with a swift lighting to his face when she came into a room and a soft drawling manner of lingering on her name that seemed to Julia to be as tender as a caress. Tom liked his coming for the two had much in common and a mutual respect for one another's ability. Tom had had with reluctance to forego any work on his English literature text since the accident and he seemed to keep his mind busy with it in lieu of getting it down on paper. Julia grew accustomed to his saying, "Julia listen. I've got an idea about that third chapter," and Julia would dig into the photostat copies in her mind and would review the picture of Chapter Three as she'd proof read it after it had been neatly typed by Frances.

One evening she could hear Tom and Walter talking spiritedly together. Into their conversation were dangled such names as Chaucer and Johnson and Dryden as though all of them were friends in an age together. While Julia was amused she at the same time understood this camaraderie with the masters. It was Tom's ability to bring to life the dusty men of literature which gave to his teaching such vitality and virility. It was this same quality which would make of his text when finished more than just another book. Julia believed that what he had to offer was unique and distinctive and would go toward more recognition in his field than he himself ever dreamed. "Julia," called Tom, from the depths of a conversation with Walter, "would it be treason to Doc Jerry, to show Mac my manuscript?" "Well," Julia hesitated. It was like steering Sue away from a second piece of cake. "If you just let Walter read it without working yourself I suppose you can be forgiven. Shall I get it for you?"

"Never mind, Julia. What's a secretary for. Here's mine now."

Frances and Clare came in, late from a swimming class at the K of C pool. Walter's eyes sought the girls in greeting and said, "Don't tell me that one of these girls serves in off minutes as your secretary, too." His voice was certain before he was told that it was Frances. Julia thought to herself, "Too bad for you, Tom, and Sam Johnson and Dryden that the girls came home. Walter has deserted you." Perhaps Tom sensed it, too, because when the manuscript was produced it was his suggestion that Walter take it home to read instead of going over it at once.

The girls had not yet had their dinner. Julia made cocoa and suggested that they have it with fat little sandwiches in the living room on the low wide coffee table.

At times Julia worried over the situation. She did not want things to move too swiftly. On the other hand it was not in her power to restrain them. If there was a feeling developing between the young professor and Frances it was a good and sweet one. It was hers only to pray for the welfare of them all as she had always done.

Should she write to Kate Manning about this interest of Frances. She decided she would not. It was very likely that the girl had confided in some manner to her mother. Just as Clare would to her. Or she amended, as Clare should do. She was convinced that her own daughter was preoccupied and with this she decided to bide her time yet awhile. There was only prayers for the both of them. Only prayers? Merciful Father, what would a mother on earth do without them?

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

AS FAR as the climate was concerned it was a very satisfactory winter indeed. There was just the proper number of all obscuring snow storms with sufficient time between for the streets to pack down tight enough for the boys to fling their sleds on their surface and to fly down the slopes in gay abandon. The ice on the rinks was smooth and steady too and round and round the indefatigable skaters went, never tiring of the sport. From overhead those who liked to ski, looked down on the frosty town and then as though flung into space they crouched and made their graceful leaps. Yes, the weather was the right kind for winter.

That the winter was hard was to be expected. People in Montana are braced for hardness. Everyone knows enough to bank the fires at night so the water pipes won't freeze. And mothers supervise warm clothing and the dryness of feet. There were certain things that natives know, about not warming limbs too swiftly for fear of chillblains, and not venturing too far from home in the fury of a blizzard, and putting extra blankets on the beds at night and covering over the chicken fences so the red combs of the fowl would not freeze. It was necessary to meet winter on its own terms. That was all.

The trouble at the mines did not boil into the out and out dissension of a walkout strike as it had threatened to do in the Fall. For the first time in the history of the industry in Copper City a series of stereotyped instances failed to culminate in the

usual manner. True the pattern seemed the same and many people were deceived up until the last moment. There was that initial spread of complaint among the men, then there came the deepening tone of disgruntled muttering. These led to meetings where speech dwelt lingeringly and incendiarily on the rights of the working man and the new order that some day should take precedent to the old. There were the much used phrases of "Freedom . . . and greedy rich . . . and individuality . . ." There was even that high spot of such campaigns, a calling together of all workers when the fanning was deemed ready for the flame. At that time a vote was called and its results were hard for many to comprehend.

Everything proceeded according to custom of such gatherings. Alleged wrongs were sighted and asserted rights were praised and the men or mice chidings tossed into the weatherbeaten faces of the miners. And what came of it?

Unprotestingly the miners listened. They were even good-natured, calling jokes to some of their own who strode to the platform as speakers. There was no uprising, there was no rioting. The flame just simply wasn't there. The smolderings had produced only smoke and it takes fire to cause men to walk out on strike. Simply and overwhelmingly the vote was against such radical behaviour and there was instead a committee appointed to meet with officials of the mine. When the whistles blew for the next change of shift there was a line of men coming down the hill and a fresh line weaving up.

Perhaps Copper City as a whole was surprised. Perhaps the newspapers found the turn of events hard to understand. Perhaps the officials of the company were most amazed of all. But there were those who were not surprised. These were the families of the working men. These were the Galvins and the Mannings and the Vaheys nad O'Rourkes and all the rest who had helped to weld that firm band of united petition to the Mother of God for the protection of their homes. These were not surprised but they were nonetheless tremendously grateful to her for her kindly interest in the very first problem they had carried to her throne. Closely, closely they drew toward her then, humble in their pride that she should so tangibly indicate her love, nearer and nearer they came to Mary, each evening finding another family adopting the habit of family prayer or another member of a family coming at bedtime to kneel in the group. The world as a whole went on with its rumblings far away and the deadly sound was like the far off blast in a hard rock mine, shattering to all it touched, yet harmless to objects far enough away. Normal life went on, living one simple day after another, confident that

the world would yet whirl on its axis when it was tomorrow and tomorrow after that. Now if ever, faith was needed and desperately these good people clung to theirs. The radio continued to tell the weary awful tales, and soldiers began to march under the conscription bill and the great industries of defense flected their muscles in the international sun, throwing grotesque and fearful shadows against the globe. But the days were the same. Children to wake and wash for school. Marketing to be done. Men to speed to work. And always the comfort of calling on Mary each night before sleep closed in. The world might well be mad, but there were still the good dear small commonplaces to be treasured as each day brought them again.

Thanksgiving came and the cranberries were never more scarlet, nor plump turkeys more temptingly displayed. There was an inclination for families to draw together and one heard middle aged women confiding to one another while shopping for citrus, raisins, nuts and other ingredients for fruit cakes; "We'll have fourteen at table this year," or "All seven of my children will be home." And there was happiness in the eyes which held those of neighbors, giving and sharing such intimate confidences.

When Julia Manning went shopping for her turkey she knew that only a huge one would do. Standing in her favorite shop on North Main Street she sagely eyed the row of birds dangling with hooks snagged between their bound feet and wrapped heads drooping down.

"This one," she decided pointing a neatly gloved hand toward a really admirable fowl when Mr. McCarthy came forward to serve her.

"That fellow," remarked McCarthy, "is a beaut!" And Julia felt strangely proud of her choice as though she were a child at a birthday party who had most accurately pinned the tail on the donkey. Mr. McCarthy was wonderful with his customers. If he approved the turkey, then indeed he was a worthy bird.

Mr. McCarthy reached up with a flourishing gesture and lifted the designated turkey from the hook.

When the scales sank appreciatively beneath the weight, the butcher exclaimed, "Twenty-five pounds. I knew he weighed that at least." It seemed to Julia that all the people in the store beamed back at the butcher and in turn at the turkey and incidentally at her. She began to feel very holidayish as she counted out the money and Mr. McCarthy recited aloud the address as he wrote it from memory, "Mrs. Thomas Manning, 837 West Granite Street, right up Big Butte Hill and I know he'll roast up fine."

(To be continued)

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

The Ninth Article

LABOR'S SOCIAL ASPECTS

H. C. McGinnis



TO GIVE labor a social aspect as well as an economic one, we must cease looking upon the worker as something created for the very special profit-making of employers. The worker's daily stint in the production of the nation's wealth is not the only reason why he exists. He has many other important duties, obligations, and values to his community. The worker who gives to his community a dozen healthy, well trained future citizens is performing a service which cannot be measured in the terms of the money which he can make for his employer. Nor can his community value be properly gauged by the income he produces for himself. Justice forces us to admit that the man who raises twelve future citizens is entitled to a greater share in the nation's living than is the man doing the identical work with the same productive skill but who gives his community only one child. Since all children are expected to share equally in the community's responsibilities when they mature, they should be given a basically equal treatment while they are maturing.

Democracy is a community proposition. Politically, we admit this freely; but, economically, we don't. This is because those who profit at the expense of others don't want to admit it, while those preyed upon have failed to think deeply enough to recognize all their democratic rights.

A democratic nation must be likened to a community of a hundred persons, men, women and children, who live together for the common welfare of all. Obviously each worker is compensated for his contribution to the community production. But, all other factors being equal, the worker who maintains a family of ten children out of that hundred-person community is entitled to have his value to the community gauged by more than his maximum production in the way of industry. This is especially true when his children are being conscientiously raised in the standard of living which will make them valuable future assets to the community's life. Naturally, an intelligent community would easily see that ten children raised in a sub-standard manner are not as valuable future members as will be those who are raised by the community's general

standard. Therefore it wisely would refuse to penalize the parent who, willing to produce wealth at his full capacity, also assumes the additional burden of furnishing a larger number of future community members than does a less conscientious neighbor. Yet in actual life we make this very mistake.

Under our present system, the worker who does his equal share at the work bench and then devotes his remaining waking hours to the instruction and development of his children, his home and home life, perhaps also losing many sleeping hours as he walks the floor with a colic-tortured infant or helps his wife nurse a sick youngster back to health, is still valued by nothing more than his ability to make profits for his employer. On the other hand, the worker at the same bench who raises no children gets an equally good rating and draws the same amount of the nation's bounty to feed himself, his wife and a pooch. Yet let a national emergency come along, like a war, and the community sleeps better for the sturdy children which the first worker has raised. For a short time he is proclaimed a great man, a very valuable citizen. For hasn't he produced several sons and daughters whom he can give to his community's service? But this praise is never expressed in dollars and cents, nor is his contribution to society's safety anticipated when he is raising these sons and daughters and needs economic justice the most. Instead, he is left to his own resources, forced to scrimp and save and deny himself even the most moderate pleasures and many comforts as he raises children who may be snatched from him and life just when his task is completed and they can be regarded with that undefinable joy of a job well done. The injustice is plain: this worker is forced to surrender his family to the defense of his nation's wealth-producing institutions which he and his can die for, yet never be permitted to share in beyond his capacity to produce profits for his employers. Since such a person obviously makes a far greater contribution to the community than does the worker who shirks such obligations, it becomes very plain that ways and means must be found to compensate him in money for his social

as well as his economic value. For a nation is much more than its industry. Industry and the production of wealth are the means of life, not life itself. To think otherwise is to be steeped in that materialism which has brought the world to its present brink of ruin.

The above deplorable method of distributing the produced wealth not only produces many grave social injustices but are also responsible for many moral crimes. These crimes are so numerous that we cannot list them here, but we can briefly consider one which is a first degree crime against God and man. Due to our present economic system, the sizes of families are entirely gauged by many people by the family income. Millions of Americans honestly think it unfair to the future generation to bring into the world youngsters who cannot have a good living. They fear to send children into the world unless they can give them the best of education; and they equally fear inhibitions and inferiority complexes—from which children are commonly supposed to suffer unless they can be raised according to a set of standards of living often set by childless couples or those who refuse their full duty of parenthood. Millions of Americans long for families which they think they dare not have out of deference to the happiness of their offspring. This leads to birth control—that “planned parenthood” which many of our leaders so glibly advocate. Here our failure to consider the family instead of the worker as the nation's economic unit leads to an interference with the plans of God the Creator. For it is undeniably true that the introduction of children into the world is done by the will and according to the intent of God. He knows when His ever-continuing pattern of creation and His plans for humanity require that certain individuals be born. To deny that, is to deny God His prescience of what the world will need and also to deny the God-given destiny of every individual. Babies may seem individually unimportant to this well established world; and it may be true that Washington and Lincoln did not appear to be of much value as they lay in their cribs. Yet try to imagine how American history would read without them, had their possible lives begun and ended within the confines of a rubber contraceptive, subject to the will of parents who feared life's economic battles. Or try to imagine the state of world progress, happiness and health had this same thing happened to deny the lives of the world's thousands of benefactors! When man's economic systems interfere with God's plans for man, it is the system which must be changed instead of an attempt made to dictate to God what is, or is not, good for the world.

But how can we change man's economic system,

we may ask. Admittedly the problem is extremely complex and has millions of ramifications. If this writer could set down here an exact blueprint for complete economic justice, his future acclaim would be most secure. But the obligation to do this does not lie within the province of any one man, even though he be a politician who may promise to iron out every difficulty which the common man and the oppressed face. But democracy produces much clear thinking and also millions of people capable of adding their contributions to a solution, once the general principles are established. When the nation's brains have established a framework of economic justice, each and every line of endeavor must formulate specific practices so that it can conform to the general pattern.

Keeping always in mind that labor must have its social aspects and values as well as economic ones and that economic and moral justice demand that the nation's unit in distributing its production's benefits must be the family and not the individual worker, let us see what kind of a framework we can erect in strict accordance with democratic principles. Incidentally, we must also remember that real democracy is not the Liberalism to which we are today so thoroughly accustomed, but a form of community life based upon the justice and morality of Christianity. To begin with, we must remember that capital has its rental value, its productive value and its venture value. Labor has the same properties: the wage is the rental value of human energy; the intelligent cooperation with capital to produce wealth is its productive value; and the hardships and risks attendant upon opening up perilous enterprises constitute the venture value. We must also regard capital and labor as the natural partners they should be instead of the arch-enemies they persist in being.

Our next duty will be to establish the figure for what we shall call a “standard size” family—say three or four children. From here on, we must arrange a form of additional compensation for those parents who have greater economic burdens because of larger families. For we must not forget that infant Americans have the same right to a standard living under democracy as they have to political rights, safeguards and privileges granted them by the Constitution and all dependent laws. Since certain phases of some forms of production operate upon such narrow margins of profit that they do not permit of higher wages and any profit-sharing would net the workers very little additional income, a system must be established whereby the profits and wages are averaged in a given line from the very beginning to the ultimate finishing of any product.

Patriotism in Reverse

Matilda Rose McLaren

"SAY, BUDDIE, why aren't you in uniform?" a perfect stranger asked a fellow bus passenger, who replied:

"I'm just finishing my internship at Cook County Hospital. The minute I'm through, you can bet your gasoline ration, I'm going!" He was very much on the defensive and why should he have to be?

Just because a young man is in civics, he isn't necessarily a slacker... that's what we have Selective Service for. By staying in them another six months, or another three years, the future doctor, engineer, chemist or chaplain will be worth more to Uncle Sam than if he serves now, untrained and unskilled. It's no longer a question: "Why, because I, John Doe, can't afford a college education for my boy, does Junior have to enlist while Fred Smith, with two years of college, can be deferred until he takes his degree?" The question before the American house is: "When can my boy, or yours, serve Uncle Sam to the best of his ability?" The personal element is out!

Even more deeply hurt than the potential enlistee is the young man behind the necktie counter who is itching to go, has no college education to complete, but has been told those stricken eyes behind his thick lenses will never let him see the front. He mourns: "I can only say it with stamps." But he is serving. He's a Boy Scout leader of potential soldiers who are currently engaged collecting scrap, and his troop always more than goes over the top; he's an air raid warden, etc. etc!

Men aren't the only intolerant sex. "I'd like to know what Mrs. Kay does with her time," sighs a Red Cross knitter. "She toils not, neither does she spin! Living in a small apartment, no children, couldn't she turn out the sweaters and socks! But, no. She just smiles and says, 'I'm sorry, but I don't know how to knit.' She could learn, couldn't she?"

I happen to know Mrs. Kay is in touch with many of our allied Information Bureaus, gathers authentic stories of heroism and shapes them into articles for juvenile publications. One day she may be recognized as Harriet Beecher Stowe II.

Perhaps we are so critical of each other because our domestic attitude isn't always kosher. My neighbor has commendably started her children off on penny jobs... pennies which are converted into Defense Stamps. Setting the table, putting out the milk bottles, carrying papers to storage... BUT when it's time to set the table, she calls: "Junior, come in now, it's time to *fight* the Japs!"

Why doesn't she say: "It's time to *help* Uncle Sam!" There's a vast difference in the psychology

back of those two verbs; one is *constructive*, the other *destructive*.

Instead of whining in front of our children, neighbors and customers, "The government won't let us have any more tires, sugar, coffee etc.," and thus help create a mental monster who viciously holds out on us, why don't we recognize, and practice, that in a democracy, *we are the government* and simply say: "In

times like these, *we can't afford* thus-and-so because our men at the front need it worse than we do."... regardless of whether thus-and-so is a commodity or facility.

If we are going to win this war, and we MUST win it, we'll have to stop passing the buck and crawl into harness ourselves, every man, woman and child, according to his niche. Patriotism in reverse will only give us the ax(is). We must remember to "Judge not, lest we be judged,"...and found wanting!



THE GREATEST ACT
OF LOVE
toward a dying Catholic is to
SEND FOR A PRIEST

Echoes from OUR ABBEY HALLS

Summer time is always a time of peace and quiet at St. Meinrad. With the departure of our more than 400 students in early June, the hubbub and turmoil of school life ceased and a deep silence, best characterized as a "monastic silence," settled upon the Abbey. Thus it became an ideal place for recollection and retreat.

On August 27-29, despite war time restrictions, 164 laymen from all walks of life were able to withdraw from the noise of a war-torn world and assemble at St. Meinrad in order to enjoy this peace and silence. It was the time of our 11th Annual Laymen's Retreat. Though the group of retreatants was not quite as large as that of last year, yet it was well above the goal of 150 set for this year. The Very Reverend

Placidus Kempf, O.S.B., Prior of the Abbey, acted as Retreat Master.

At the close of the Retreat on Sunday, August 29th, the election of new officers for the Laymen's Retreat Guild took place. Mr. Harry Wissel of Indianapolis, Ind., Vice-President of the Guild for the past two years, was elected President. Mr. James Haigerty of Loogootee, Ind., was chosen to succeed Mr. Wissel as Vice-President, while Mr. William Link of Louisville, Ky., was the retreat group's choice for Secretary. Mr. George Smith of Indianapolis, Ind., continues to hold the post of Executive Secretary. The newly elected officers then appointed Father Bernardine Shine, O.S.B., of the Abbey, as their Treasurer.

* * * * *

To students the first Monday of September is always much more than a holiday dedicated to Labor. For them it is a day of warning—a grim reminder—that the time has come for them to start a "back-to-the-books" movement. This year our students returned on September 9th, and on September 10th the new scholastic year 1943-44 opened with 475 registered in the various departments. This is the largest student body we have ever had at St. Meinrad. Our little city on the hill now numbers almost 600 inhabitants.

The department counting most students is the Major Seminary. In its class rooms 229 young men will labor at their books during the coming nine months. This group includes representatives from 18 dioc-





Lay Retreatants of 1943

ceses and 5 religious orders or societies. Aspirants to the secular or diocesan clergy number 150, Benedictine clerics and student priests 35, Marianist priests and brothers (Brothers of Mary) 30, Oratorian fraters 10, Pallottine fraters 3, and Marian Hill frater 1.

The enrollment in the Minor Seminary almost equals that of the Major Seminary. Within its walls are housed 225 lads. In actual inhabitants, the Minor Seminary really surpasses the Major Seminary, since the 35 Benedictine students live in the Abbey and not in the Major Seminary. A careful check-up shows that the Minor Seminarians hail from 9 different States of the Union.

One more group, by no means to be forgotten, is that of our Oblates. This year St. Placid Hall, the Oblate School, boasts of 21 fine lads who are preparing to become not priests but brothers. These boys are eagerly awaiting the day when they can enter the Monastery as Benedictine Junior Brothers.

September Ordinations at St. Meinrad have now become an an-

nual event. On the 18th, 19th and 21st of the month The Most Reverend Joseph E. Ritter, D.D., Bishop of Indianapolis, visited the Abbey and Seminary to confer Sacred Orders. One man received Minor Orders; 13 were made Subdeacons; 31 were ordained Deacons; and 2 were elevated to the Priesthood. Those ordained Priests were the Rev. Polycarp Sherwood, O.S.B., and the Rev. Donald Walpole, O.S.B. They are the last of the class of 1943 to receive the Priesthood. The other members of the class were ordained last June at the end of the school year. The two Fraters were delayed because of their Solemn Profession which did not take place until the early part of August.

The complete class of 1943 includes 27 Priests. Of this number, 3 are from the Diocese of Belleville, Ill.: Rev. Edwin Arentsen, Rev. Clement Dirler, Rev. Edward Podrasky; 2 from the Diocese of Indianapolis, Ind.: Rev. Maurilius Bilske, and Rev. Lawrence Moll; 5 from the Archdiocese of Louisville, Ky.: Rev. James French, Rev. Arthur Grot-

tenthaler, Rev. Clarence Nord, Rev. Aloysius Robben, Rev. Patrick Warren; 5 from the Diocese of Fort Wayne, Ind.: Rev. John Homco, Rev. Martin Horvath, Rev. John Jakubielski, Rev. Matthew Kish, Rev. Daniel Peil. The Rev. Joseph Wilberding was ordained for the Diocese of Kansas City, Mo., the Rev. James Long for the Diocese of Peoria, Ill., and the Rev. Francis Sirek for the Diocese of Superior, Wisc. The religious in the group include Rev. Theodore Cilwick, Congr. Orat., from the Oratory at Rock Hill, S.C., Rev. Daniel Rooney, I.C., from the Institute of Charity at Galesville, Ill., and 7 Benedictines from St. Meinrad's Abbey: Fathers Malachy Fulton, O.S.B., and Cuthbert Hughes, O.S.B., from New York City; Father Bonaventure Knaebel, O.S.B., from New Albany, Ind.; Father Terence Stanton, O.S.B., from Aurora, Ill.; and Fathers Jude Woerdeman, O.S.B., Polycarp Sherwood, O.S.B., and Donald Walpole, O.S.B., all from Indianapolis, Ind. May all enjoy great success in their priestly work!



MY ROSARY

*Mother, see, a wreath of roses
Lovingly I twine for thee;
Thy life's course each bloom disposes
For my work on circlets three:*

*Roses white, thy joys to token:
Message, visit, virgin birth,
Off'ring, finding — Joys unbroken,
Life with Jesus here on earth;*

*Ruby roses, dyed in sorrow
Of His heart, entwined with thine,
In that night and on its morrow
And that fateful day's decline;*

*Golden yellows, signs of glory
Merited through joy and grief,
Fitting end to sacred story
In these chaplets told in brief.*

*Mother, see, a wreath of roses
Lovingly I've twined for thee.
On thy brow its charm reposes. —
Mother, mother, smile on me.*

Albert Kleber, O.S.B.



It Can be Done

In the Tenth of a Second!

Meinrad Hoffman, O.S.B.

THE REALISTIC flickers and the ever-sounding radios have so impressed upon our imaginations the bravery, the expectancy, the nervous tension and anxiety of our soldiers and sailors, marines and aviators as they strike to defend us from bleak Alaska to the Island Empire of Japan, from the frozen plains of Iceland to the sunny skies of the Mediterranean, that we seem to experience for ourselves the constant fear of bombardment and the ever-threatening strafing of machine guns. This war has taken us closer to the battle-fronts and to the carnage than any previous conflict. That is why, perhaps, we more frequently compassionate those stalwart and peace-loving neighbors of ours and realize with them that around the nearby knoll may be the tank that will blast them into eternity, or that the cloud hovering above may conceal the death-dealing missile. Every wave of the vast expanse of ocean may be caused by a torpedo aimed accurately at their boat.

Chaplains are not ubiquitous—much as they would like to be. And though the accounts of their tireless ministrations for days and nights on end in an unspeakable din and danger have become epics of heroism, we realize that many a swift bullet finds its mark and flees with the soul before a priest can use his power of absolution. A witness of the first raid on Rome estimated the dead in that city to have reached 9,000. How many times that number were judged in the devastating raids on Hamburg, Cologne, and Berlin cannot be estimated. And in our own ranks not every landing party was as fortunate as that on Kiska. The casualties in Africa, Sicily, and in the Pacific, while not staggering, were perhaps an indication of what we may expect when the going really gets hard for the Axis. There are desperate moments ahead.



Is there anything a dying soldier can do without the chaplain? Can the pilot who must bail out over enemy territory, or the crew shot out of their bomber and hurtling to earth do anything for their souls? We know, of course, that our Lord has instituted the whole sacramental system for men. But even if a priest were available to administer the sacraments whenever needed, it would be as impossible for him to hear a flyer's confession in a power dive as to anoint all the maimed in a bombed city. As a soldier rides his Jeep off an invasion barge into a battery of shore guns, he may not have been able to attend Holy Mass for weeks and months, much less have received the sacraments. Whatever is to be done must be possible in the twinkling of an eye; must be possible in a foxhole, or hollow tree, even in a tail spin. How can he have his sins, mortal and venial, forgiven, and have his temporal and eternal punishment remitted all in the time it takes a bomb to explode? The answer is: by an act of perfect love of God or perfect contrition. Much as I admire the coolness and composure of those test pilots who, as they hurdle to earth with all kinds of instruments to measure their speed, their circulation, their respiration, and whatnot, boast of their ability to think of the menu promised for lunch or of the last show they saw in the old hometown, I would have still more admiration for them if I knew that they spent the time coming to earth practicing the act of the love of God.

The ordinary ways to have sins remitted are baptism, penance, and perfect love of God. In the Old Law, before baptism had been instituted and before the keys had been entrusted to St. Peter, the only hope of forgiveness for a sinner was perfect love or contrition. Adam and Eve and Cain and the sinful sons of Noah, and Saul and David did not

live to go down into the baptistry or to confess their sins. Yet who is there to condemn them as irrevocably consigned to hell? They had to save their souls by perfect love.

Our gallant service-men could make use of such a love in their danger, when there is no possibility of their going to the sacraments. Of course they must know beforehand that there is no question of perfect love of God while they refuse to do what He and His Church require, and one of the requirements essential for perfect love to remit mortal sins is to submit the grievous sins to the Keys—that is, confess them to a duly authorized priest—*when the chance to go to confession later presents itself*. The soul must have that intention.

How can a soldier or sailor make such an act? Easy. The ascetical writer Tanqueray, in his *Spiritual Life* says that perfect or pure love consists in loving God because He is good and in wishing Him well. The more one practices this simple little act the easier it becomes. It can become a habit so that when the least danger threatens, almost automatically, certainly habitually, there comes to mind the thought of God's goodness and once we are aware of His goodness how can we do otherwise than love Him?

Suppose the ack-ack fire has found the gas tank of a plane and there is no chance to land it. The members of the crew realize at once their plight. One screws up his face and curses his unhappy lot.

That takes only a fraction of a second. But another says in his heart: "God knows what He is doing. If He wants this to be my call, I want to do whatever He decrees." That, too, takes only a fraction of a second, but the difference between those two men will be the same as the difference between the two thieves on the crosses on Calvary. One deliberately turns away from salvation; the other enters into paradise.

One need not wait until the motor is shot off the plane or the wings of the glider are creaking under the strain. One can, when entering the plane, or ship, or Jeep make the act of love in thoughts something like this: "This may not be a holy war. But as far as I am concerned it is for what I believe to be right. I am acting in obedience to the civil authorities who for me are the representatives of divine authority, and hence I accept death if it must come as the price I am willing to pay for the establishment of justice and peace on earth." If this is not perfect love, it is near to it, and once we are drawn close to God in intention, we will soon find acts of love as natural as breathing.

I suspect that actually the angels are kept busy inspiring these acts of love to faithful Christians and in reporting their efficacy at the judgment seat of God. And if you will inform your boy in camp of the potentiality, whether he be Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, it may make the difference for him that it did for Dismas.

ARE ONLY CATHOLICS SAVED?

By no means! Such is far from the teachings of the Catholic Church, which leaves the judgment of each and every man to our all-just and all-merciful heavenly Father.

No man—be he Catholic, Protestant, Jew or Pagan—can be sentenced to eternal punishment except through his own fault—by deliberately disobeying the dictates of his own conscience—by defying God with malice afore-thought, knowing full well the consequences thereof.

It is true that the Catholic Church has ever insisted that hers is the one true Church, founded by Christ upon the Rock of Peter with His promise that the gates of Hell would not prevail against her—with His assurance that He would be with her all days even unto the end of the world.

But for him without the fold through no fault of his own—be he an ignorant savage who has never heard of the Church, or an intellectual Protestant who knows her falsely because of erroneous education or mental inhibition—the Catholic Church teaches that there is certainly salvation if he lives up to his conscience and repents of his sins.

When you hear this "no salvation" propaganda against the Catholic Church, remember it was not she but Martin Luther who condemned the Pagan philosophers because they had no faith in Christ "even though they had been virtuous in their inmost soul."—(Grisar's Luther.)

Catholic Information Society of Narberth
P. O. Box 35 Narberth, Pa.

Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

Kindness is the candy of life.

One who broods despairingly is like a hen sitting on china eggs.

Just because the war between Christ and the world is centuries old is no reason why we should sit back and let things take their course.

Separation makes true love grow stronger.

When your despair is about to reach total black-out proportions, go to the foot of the Cross for hope and confidence.

One who wanders about in doubt wanders in darkness. Let him first seek the light of Faith.

Revenge is not sweet. It is mean and bitter.

One has poise when one has peace of soul.

In each day there are shadows of little woes and sorrows that the sunshine of a courageous spirit will lighten.

The seemingly holy do not fall suddenly. They were cheating on God a long time before.

Since God created the body of man from dust, and not gold-dust either, why should one value it above the immortal soul?

When you are wrong be as quick to apologize as you would be to demand one from one who wronged you.

Sin is pernicious anemia of the soul which attacks first its life-giving blood vessels of grace.

In life one runs the gauntlet of human emotions if one runs long enough.

Weaknesses in human nature should be strengthened and not be permitted to give way.

That man is not a gentleman nor that woman a lady who uses words found only in the vocabulary of Hell.

The Liturgy is the source of supply for private devotions.

Temptations can be overcome by one of two means: Fight or flight.

Service is a proof of love. Note the difference between Lucifer's: *I will not serve!* and Mary's: *Behold the handmaid of the Lord.*

Wine can make wise men not only fall off, but to fall down as well.

Life is one big obstacle course. You have to keep going in order to make it, no matter what the odds are against you.

Freedom is dangerous when one chooses the wrong and not the right.

Since we shall be rewarded for our sufferings and not our joys, why do we dodge pain and seek only pleasure?

In whose heart there is no drop of pity there can be no well-spring of love.

What you put off till tomorrow is not done today!

What is a "big shot" after death has exploded him?

Let us strike our breasts for our sins and not stick out our chests to display our poor prowess in virtue.

Since in this world we have "no lasting city" we are therefore all citizens doomed to death.

Do not regret the passing of time and coming on of old age. Rejoice that it is bringing you nearer to Heaven.

Not only is love blind, for hate is too.

He who drinks unto satiety does not drink unto sobriety.

To become "sore" about something or at someone is to wound oneself.

Life is a handicap race that is won by those who love God. The handicaps do not make any eternal difference. It is love that counts.

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